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BURNING OF THE OPERA COMIQUE IN PARIS.—SCENE IN THE RUE DE MARIVAUX: FIREMEN SAVING PEOPLE AT THE WINDOWS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Now that Mrs. Bernard Beere, with the full approbation of the Court and Society, is exhibiting the poison-pangs of Lena Despard, and as, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Henry Irving is almost at the same minute dying on the Lyceum stage in the character of King Louis the Eleventh of France, conversation at dinner-table and dance naturally turns upon the "death-scene," as interpreted by these two artists and as contrasted with the best work of their predecessors.

Let me recall the stage death-scenes that cling most to my memory. The death of Frou-Frou, by Aimée Desclée. What a pitiful end to a poor, weak, sinning little woman, nursed on frivolity and cradled in flattery! She was not vicious, this fascinating little Frou-Frou, only weak, only powerless to resist the temptation that has ruin in its shadow. Desclée, in the death of Frou-Frou, showed how the repentant creature became a child again in death. Her last words were the little baby prattle about the frock that was to be put on her, embroidered with little roses; and the life went out of her poor worn body with the plaintive cry of a wounded bird. There was no shriek of agony; it was only the last sharp note of a bird's song interrupted and cut short. Frou-Frou died; we pitied and forgave. The death of Adrienne Lecouvreur, by Sara Bernhardt. Here we had the passionate, loving woman true to her creed of love in her last agony. She had taken the fatal poison before she knew that her lover was true to her. Whilst the deadly draught was working in her veins, there was suddenly pictured to her a life with the man she loved that she herself had sacrificed with her own hand. In that last sob, in that wild, passionate cry to Heaven to intervene, and stop the hand of fate, in that agonised "Ah! I cannot die! I cannot die!" every heart that listened was torn with pity. The scream of a woman in despair rang round the house. Art, in the person of the actress, gave us sympathy with the dying woman, not horror at her death. The same kind of effect was produced by the same actress as Dona Sol in "Hernani," and as Camille. The least attractive of Bernhardt's death-scenes to me was the death of Fédora, for here she illustrated the physical side of death rather than the temperament of the woman dying, and laid more stress on gymnastics over sofas and tables than one would have expected from so great an artist. The death of Salvini as Hamlet. A most pathetic and impressive picture. Think what we would about Salvini's conception of Hamlet, there could be no question of the touching simplicity and beautiful tenderness of the dying Prince, who motioned to his own familiar friend whom he loved, the sweet-natured Horatio, to kiss him before he passed into the land of shadows and eternal silence. It was the "Kiss me, Hardy!" of Lord Nelson, as George Henry Lewes reminded us in his criticism, and it was a scene never to be forgotten. In all these death-scenes there was poetry; in all of them the imagination was deeply touched.

One of the most horrible and repulsive death-scenes I ever saw on any stage was the death of Nana, in the play of that name produced in Paris with the approbation of the Zola school. A dissolute woman, who had led a deplorable life, was supposed to be dying of virulent smallpox in a room of the Grand Hôtel in Paris, abandoned by all the world and deserted by her friends. In order to heighten the terror of the scene, the actress who played the part had been persuaded to wear a mask over her face that illustrated the ravages of this terrible disease, and, after a succession of screams and screeches that frightened the audience, she actually, when the curtain was down, came before the footlights, and took her call in her *robe de nuit* and with the hideous mask of scars on her face. It was a most horrible and outrageous proceeding.

The death of Lena Despard, now so powerfully illustrated by Mrs. Bernard Beere, will yield to very few, if any, of these deaths in absolute force and intensity. But it is a death wholly devoid of poetry, pity, or imagination. We see before us a minute and elaborate illustration of the workings of a violent poison on the human frame. The play is really over before the scene begins. It is an annexed chapter to a told tale. We pity poor Lena Despard, not because she has led a bad life or lost the man she tardily pretended to love, after breaking the heart of a girl who had never injured her—not because a vicious past has been consummated by a desperate suicide, but because a human being is in such terrible physical pain. Spasm after spasm of intolerable agony is followed by a momentary calm. The woman does not speak of her fate, of her life, of her love, of her past or her future—only of the hideous present, when the poison is tying her into knots and distracting her. The actress abandons herself absolutely to the delirium of pain. She falls, head downwards, over the back of a sofa. She undergoes all the gymnastics that Sara Bernhardt invented in "Fédora." She is powerful, she is clever; in a certain sense, she is great. It is a triumph of the exhibition of mere physical pain. But what is the result upon the minds of the audience as they melt away and discuss the scene—how does it affect them? Not a word about Lena Despard, not a syllable of pity for her; not a single lesson conveyed to any human mind—only an astonished chorus from the women; and, about the actress, "I wonder the poor lady does not injure her spine over that sofa!" or, "Did you ever in your life see anything so horrible?" Few who witness this realistic death have ever seen physical pain or affliction so accurately represented save in the shrieks of Nana, or the gibberings of the drunkard Coupeau.

A little way down the street, there may be seen another death, just as elaborate and, in a certain sense, as realistic. Louis the Eleventh is just as bad a man, relatively, as Lena Despard is a woman. He is hypocritical, vain, vicious, and treacherous. He has lived a bad life, and comes, at last, to the inevitable end. No kingly power, no crown, no command or authority can hold the Monarch back from the judgment-seat of death. Tyrant as is the King, death is too strong for him. He may stand in death's very presence with commanding gesture, he may clutch at his jewelled crown, or support himself with his golden sceptre, but the word has been spoken and the Monarch, in his blue and ermine, his regal robes, and fleur-de-lys of France, must fall a ruin at the foot of the very throne that held his Majesty. In this most powerful death-scene there is no desire on the part of Mr. Irving to steer clear of that elaborate detail so dear to the lovers of naturalistic acting. But, with a keen sense of art, he does not allow horror to take the place of pity. It is tragic, in the best sense of tragedy; for so grand, and dignified, and impressive is the picture, that we carry away from the theatre thoughts that burn. We do not say, "I wonder that poor Mr. Irving does not injure himself as he topples forward to the floor"; but the mind, refusing to linger on the mere physical side of the death that we have seen, takes in at one glance the great and stupendous lesson of the inevitable. Thanks to the actor's art, the story, such as it is, has its moral, and the play, such as it is, has its climax. The end has come; the blustering and the lying and the hypocrisy and the double-dealing and the hate and the revenge of the once-powerful King of France are over; and there he lies, with the mantle of State around him, grand in

his fall but powerless in death. And the playgoers file out with no chaff on their lips, with no suggestion of frivolity in their minds, but deeply impressed by what they have seen, as the dead silence proved when the last curtain fell. It was a lucky accident that provided the stage at this immediate moment with so striking a protest against the new school of art. The highest mission of art is to elevate the mind and not to depress it. There is nothing grand, nothing noble, nothing instructive in the life of a bad woman, who has scarcely one redeeming quality, who seeks death by her own hand, and meets it shrieking with agony. We shudder at such things, and pass them by. This art studied in the corridors of vice and vanity and in the pain-stained wards of the hospital. But there is something very grand and wonderfully impressive in the worldly power that bows down to Fate and the tyranny that is cut short by Death. Both pictures are powerful: both bring out the highest physical resources of the artist: both are impressive: both are unquestionably clever. But that picture must be the most beautiful and abiding that takes the mind beyond the petty details of our daily trivial life, and that in its appeal to the higher imagination and the deeper thought makes men to pause and women to reflect!

The only play of importance produced in the past week has been an English version of another of Van Moser's German farces called "The Skeleton." It was well received at a Vaudeville matinée crowded with professional friends, and Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss Helen Leyton, Mr. Lewes Waller, Miss Florence West, and particularly M. Marius, worked well; but already there are signs that the farcical comedy is played out as an attraction. The eternal ringing of the changes on the same plot is getting wearisome. We have had enough of the horse-play and pantomime, the storm and stress of elaborate and elongated farce. "The Skeleton" is written by Mr. Stephens and a clever lady, Miss Graves, journalist and poet.

Dr. Scott Battams may be congratulated on a forcible dramatic version of Tennyson's "Sisters" in a play called "After." Miss Sophie Eyre, who has been engaged to play Mr. Burnand's "Lady Doctor" ("La Doctoresse"), was very forcible in the little drama. C. S.

BURNING OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, PARIS.

A terrible disaster, causing the loss of at least eighty lives, took place at Paris on the night of Wednesday week. The well-known Opéra Comique Theatre, in the Place Boieldieu, was destroyed by fire. A full audience had assembled; the first piece, "Le Châlet," had been played; the first act of "Mignon" had begun, and M. Taskin was singing, when the gas set fire to the decorations above the stage, flaming fragments of which began to fall. The prompter and M. Taskin and M. Soulaçoix in vain begged the audience to remain quiet. Some of the actors, chorus singers, and dancers escaped by the side-doors into the Rue Favart. The people in the upper galleries were seized with panic, and rushed into the narrow corridors, where they were tightly crammed together. There was an iron curtain, which ought to have been let down, to separate the stage from the part of the house occupied by the audience. It was not let down, nor were the extra doors for escape in case of danger opened. The occupants of the "foyer," the stalls and dress-boxes, found the passages of exit obstructed. The multitude of men and women in subordinate employments about the theatre were in a still worse position, as the fire quickly destroyed all the apartments round and above the stage. Many of them got on the roof, some already severely burnt. The "pompiers," or fire brigade, a brave and skilful class of disciplined men, with the spirit of soldiers, quickly arrived, bringing engines and ladders. Just before the ladders were fixed, two desperate men, one after another, threw themselves from the roof into the street, and were instantly killed by falling on the side pavement. The firemen ascended, and brought down two dying women, who expired soon afterwards in a druggist's shop. About eleven o'clock the fire burst through the roof of the store-room at the top of the building, where the theatrical dresses were kept; next came the library and room filled with papers, copies of dramatic "parts," and music. The windows of the lower storey were broken, and it was seen that the interior of the building was full of flames. The remainder of the roof was now expected to fall in at any moment, when, on the side of the Rue Marivaux, two persons, a man and a woman, shrieking fearfully, appeared on the cornice, and the firemen brought a long ladder to reach them. Several of the brave "pompiers" went up in spite of the flames and smoke pouring out of the windows; they helped the man to descend the ladder, and they tied the woman to a rope, by which they let her down into the arms of their comrades in the street below. These two persons were the last who were saved. At midnight, the roof having wholly fallen in, the fire having consumed all the woodwork of the interior, the conflagration began to subside. Among those present on the Place Boieldieu were the late Prime Minister, M. Goblet; the Prefect of Police, M. Gragnon; Generals Saussier, Thibaudin, and Gallifet; M. Rouche, Procureur-Général, and many official persons. The Gardes de Paris, troops of the line and bodies of police, kept order there and in the neighbouring streets. M. Carvalho, Director of the Opéra Comique, was among the crowd, quite overwhelmed with grief. At daybreak on Thursday, though the fire was by no means yet extinguished, the work of clearing out the smoking mass of rubbish was begun. It was heaped up to the height of the first row of boxes. Under it lay the bodies of many of the dead. Some, which were not so much burnt, were those of persons who had been suffocated while remaining in the foyer or the dress-seats, and had been covered by the falling roof. Others were those who had fallen with the roof and upper galleries, and their bodies were so burnt as not to be recognised. Eighteen, all women but one, were found in a heap, blocked in one of the side passages; these had no doubt been crushed to death or stifled. A funeral service was performed on Monday at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Among those who have perished are several English ladies: Miss Stewart Cundell, of Kensington; Miss Bosley, of Hereford; Miss Mary Knowles and Miss Winifred Knowles, of Gloucestershire; Mrs. St. George, Miss Russell, and Mrs. Summers.

A conversation was given on Thursday week at the South Kensington Museum by the president and council of the Metropolitan Counties Branch of the British Medical Association. A numerous company assembled, and the guests as they arrived were received by the president and members of the council in the Architectural Hall. Thence they passed to the North Court, where a programme of music, comprising selections from Auber, Strauss, Sir A. Sullivan, Rossini, and Gounod, was performed by the string band of the Royal Marines. In the lecture-theatre, madrigals, glees, and part songs were excellently rendered at intervals during the evening by Mr. Edward Pater's Glee Union, and shortly before eleven there was a special performance of the National Anthem by the band and the Glee Union. Refreshments were provided in rooms set apart for that purpose.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

Contemporary Review.—In the versatile and energetic mind of Mr. Gladstone, after all, speculative theological imagination is a dominant faculty. The pre-Homeric traditions of Greek mythology still engage him; the "Great Olympian Sedition," in which the monarchy of Zeus was assailed by Here, Poseidon, and Athene, is treated by him as an impersonation of the change in Greek religious ideas when the Achaian and Hellenic influences prevailed against the archaic Pelasgian. Miss Cobbe discourses of "Faith-Healing and Fear-Killing," which means, be it understood, healing by faith and killing by fear. She has probably good reason for insisting that the power of the mind over the body, as well in the cure of diseases with sham medical appliances as in the case of supposed miracles, has not yet received sufficient attention. But her most strenuous endeavour is to expose the mischievous effects of the late panic about hydrophobia, and to denounce Pasteur and all the vivisectioning experimentalists on live animals. Professor Freeman continues his adverse comments on the tendencies of Oxford University teaching in latter years: he wants Latin and Greek to be studied less as a specialty, and more in connection with general history, literature, and language. A graceful expression of manly filial affection in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's short memoir of his father, the eminent Scottish light-house engineer, will be read with interest. Mr. Harry Quilter's remarks on the originality, skill, and industry of the present race of French painters may be instructive to their English competitors. "Annus Aureolus," Mr. Robert Buchanan's Jubilee ode, is an inharmonious jingle of alternate double and single rhymes, with interposing strophes of shorter measure which are even more tedious than the longer lines; while neither the thoughts nor the language have any value as poetry.

Nineteenth Century.—Here indeed is a Jubilee poem which is lyrical, musical, song-like; but Mr. Algernon Swinburne, though a masterly verse-maker, has his faults as a rhetorician; and a besetting habit of forced antithesis often mars the utterance of his best thoughts. Yet there are several noble verses, each fitly enunciating and adorning a fresh and grand idea, in this composition. One verse, which we will quote, would have been improved in syntax and in clearness of sense, though the set order of rhymes would have been deranged, by thus transposing the first two lines:—

[2] A troubled record, foul and fair,
[1] A simple record and serene,
Inscribes for praise a blameless queen,
For praise and blame, an age of care
And change and ends unseen.

Mr. Gladstone is also met with in this magazine, vigorously criticising the two new volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century." The character of Pitt as a statesman is the topic that he first discusses; and he insists upon our recognising the fact that Pitt at one time was quite a different man from Pitt at another time. Some of Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries have made the same observation with regard to recent examples of statesmen. Pitt's views of the feasible good relations between Great Britain and Ireland in 1784 and in January, 1785, are quoted as justifying the Irish Government Bill of 1886. But when Pitt wrote thus, there was an Irish Parliament in existence, which had not yet come into conflict with the British Parliament upon the Regency question, or defeated a scheme for the commercial advantage of Ireland. Four pages of Mr. Gladstone's article are devoted to again vindicating his own proposal of abolishing the Income Tax in his election address of January, 1874. Mr. Henry Irving takes a few objections to the views of the art of the actor propounded by M. Coquelin in *Harper's Magazine*. Miss Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen gives an account of the inner life, rules, and domestic habits of Newnham College, Cambridge. The Bishop of Carlisle has a rejoinder to Mr. Frederic Harrison upon the Comtist's claim to be religious.

Fortnightly Review.—Sir Charles Dilke concludes his useful series of essays upon the foreign policy and military resources of the Great European Powers. "The United Kingdom" is treated last; and the defectiveness of our preparations for war, notwithstanding our great expenditure, is urged with much reference to matters lately under discussion. The greater part, however, of this month's *Fortnightly* is occupied by Jubilee Year retrospects of the progress of different national and social interests during the past fifty years: "Victorian Literature," by Professor Dowden; "Science," by Mr. Grant Allen; "Thought," by Mr. Addington Symonds; "Music," by Dr. F. Hueffer; "Trade and Industry," by Professor Leone Levi; and "Colonies," by Mr. Baden-Powell, M.P.

National Review.—The literary organ of the Conservative—the "Tory party," as it calls itself on the cover, in a quotation from Lord Beaconsfield—commands a fair amount of literary talent. Sir Richard Temple, who comprehends Asia as well as the internal condition of India, contributes a timely essay upon the new Indo-Chinese frontier. He recommends the project of a railway from the British sea-port of Moulmein, south-east to Bangkok, the capital of the friendly kingdom of Siam; and another to pass northward up the Meinam river basin, to enter the Chinese province of Yunnan, in preference to the mountainous route from Bhamo, at the head of the Irrawaddy navigation. Mr. Harold Perry, whose writings on the judicial administration of Egypt, and on the state of Morocco and French influence in North-West Africa, have obtained some attention, discusses with much ability the position of "England in the Mediterranean." He has recently visited Gibraltar and Malta, and gives an account, which merits public attention, of the local difficulties—not yet very formidable—raised by factious civilian inhabitants of those British Imperial fortresses, who can make out no case of a "nationality" against the present mode of government. "Old and New Oxford," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, may be compared with Professor Freeman's retrospect of University life and study. Mr. Alfred Austin's "In the Heart of the Forest" is passably good poetry.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "Joyce," begun last month, already reaches a situation of strong dramatic interest. The young country school-teacher, born of an unknown mother who died in giving birth to her, is discovered by her father, an elderly Colonel from India, who has with him a second wife. Conflicting natural affections between very honest and warmhearted persons make a great stir. A little story called "Thomas," related with engaging simplicity, and full of human and womanly tenderness, will be found still more touching. We like the humorous and characteristic portrait of a headstrong, old-fashioned imprudent American tobacco-planter, among his negroes, after their emancipation from slavery, in "A Virginia Reminiscence." Sportsmen willing to hear of big game may learn something, from another writer, of the stalking of the "gaur" or Indian bison; which was, not long since, the subject of a series of illustrations in our own Journal.

We must defer, till next week, noticing the other magazines for June.

A Reuter's telegram from Brussels says that the fête in connection with the Queen's Jubilee took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Leopold Park.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is a curious circumstance that the dyes of the fabrics produced under the auspices of the Donegal Industrial Fund should be all of the character commonly known as "aesthetic." The curtains made for her Majesty are of a beautiful dull red, between terra cotta and "vieux rose"; and even the blues and greens in the various linens and cloths and embroideries are not glaring, but subdued. The secret of this really appears to be that the dyes are all vegetable ones, produced from the various bog plants. Ancient stuffs, so dear to the eye of taste, all enjoyed that same advantage. They were made before the days of glaring and cheap aniline dyes. Necessarily, the hand-spun and woven fabrics, dyed with vegetable products, and embroidered by the needle with hand-spun thread, must be somewhat expensive. They are, however, exceedingly artistic, and the Donegal Industrial Fund is saved from being a mere charity, dependent for existence on sympathy with Irish poverty, by the originality of the work which it offers, and a sufficient sale of which will make it self-supporting. The depôt of the Fund is at 43, Wigmore-street.

The only ladies at the great sale of the fund's work last week who wore its products for their own attire were the Countess of Kilmorey and Mrs. Ernest Hart. Lady Kilmorey's dress was as handsome as it was uncommon: it consisted of fawn-coloured Irish linen and black silk moiré. There was a moiré undervest, showing both at neck and waist, the linen being gathered closely into the shoulder seams and then drawn down in fichu-like folds to the waist, crossing on the bust, and fastening invisibly; the underskirt of moiré was revealed here and there beneath the long draperies of linen. So soft and sheeny is the latter material, as hand-made by the Donegal peasants, that it is scarcely fair to it to describe it as linen: it has more the appearance of a silken fabric. Mrs. Hart's dress of pale blue, the tablier of Kells lace in shades of blue and biscuit, and another dress, which was upon a stand, and which was of blue linen, embroidered by hand with apple-blossom, were both more silky than flax-like in texture and surface. This material would decidedly have "a future" if only some large fashion house could be induced to take it up.

Dress as worn is so much more real, as an index of current fashion, than dress in shops, that I am sure I shall interest my readers by describing a few more gowns worn by ladies of distinction at that fashionably-attended sale. The Duchess of Manchester, whose attire is always most elegant and stylish, had a dress of black silk, draped high in "butterfly" fashion at the waist, and cut away immediately below to show a panel, going straight down the back of the skirt, of a magnificent brocade, red roses on a black satin ground, of which there was also another panel in front; mantle of black velvet hung all over with ropes of jet, and high bonnet of black velvet spangled with pin-points of gold, trimmed with bows of red ribbon and a bunch of cowslips. The Duchess of Marlborough's dress was all black: the gown silk, with panel of striped velvet; the mantle velvet, trimmed with jet, and having jet epaulettes; and the bonnet of black lace, with white tulle strings. White tulle in the shape of a necktie, with a big bow in front—a thing unseen for many a long day—also relieved the black costume of Lady Randolph Churchill, whose sleeves were of plain black silk, the rest of the bodice being silk covered with net spotted with moons as big as sixpences; skirt of alternate panels of plain silk and silk draped with the same net. The back draperies being silk; high black lace bonnet trimmed with lilies of the valley. Black silk was, perhaps, the most fashionable material, being worn also by Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury (with a gay little black tulle bonnet trimmed with a grey feather, too light to disorder "Lady A.'s" famous coiffure), Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Edward Cavendish, Lady Isabella Churchill, and Lady Russell.

Grey and heliotrope competed for the palm next after black silk. It is really not exaggeration to say that nearly every good gown was in one or the other colour. The young Princesses of Wales wore grey checked with a narrow white line into a plaid, the collars and cuffs braided closely, loop fashion, with white; and grey hats with grey and pink bows. The Countess of Caledon had a lovely pale grey faille Française dress trimmed with steel. Big buckles of cut steel supported the back draperies, which fell long and straight from just below the waist; the collar, epaulettes, and plastron were of steel, and a line of similar embroidery traced round the armhole, thus producing the highly fashionable effect of a sleeve separate from the bodice; bonnet of grey tulle, with high bows, and bird-of-Paradise-tail plumes for aigrette. Lady Rosamond Fellowes had a tailor-made dress of grey cloth, checked with an invisible black line, and with panels of black and grey broad stripe to match; and a light grey plush mantle, with steel trimming forming braces both back and front and epaulettes. Amongst the patronesses of heliotrope was Viscountess Pollington, who had a dress of cloth in this shade, with high collar and outside pockets on the basque in heliotrope velvet; bonnet in the same velvet, trimmed with a white bird. Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill had a bodice of heliotrope in alternate silk and cashmere inch wide stripes, opening near the throat over a three-cornered plastron of white silk; the skirt of plain heliotrope cloth pleated on full all round, underneath the edge of the pointed basque, and turned over so as to stand up, a very pretty way of forming a polonaise. The Countess of Pembroke wore a long brown plush mantle covering the dress; Lady Charles Beresford, a black silk and cashmere dress with bishop sleeves gathered into a deep cuff, and a flower bonnet, the shape all violets, roses the trimming; Mrs. Bourke, green velvet trimmed with jet; and Lady Alice Montagu, heliotrope cloth, with panels of fawn cloth heavily braided. It will be seen that in nearly every case two materials are combined in the gowns of the day; that sleeves are becoming quite a special feature; and that jet or steel embroideries are worn almost universally.

Speaking of Ireland many people will be interested to hear that the exceptionally beautiful Court dress worn by the Princess of Wales at the last Drawingroom, with which her Royal Highness was so much pleased that she honoured Mr. Walery (Count Ostrorog) with a summons to Marlborough House to photograph her before she proceeded to Buckingham Palace, was the handiwork of a Dublin modiste. I have just seen an early copy of the photograph, and the pose and expression both being happy, it is in truth a vision of beauty. The dress was a brocade of silver on an old gold satin ground; the bodice, fastening behind, and the sides of the train, were made of this splendid fabric, while the centre of the train was of exquisite embroidered Oriental gauze laid over a gold satin lining. The petticoat was of the silver-on-gold brocade, draped with a deep foot flounce, and another higher up, of silver bullion net hung thickly with little grêlons of silver, of which trimming the berthe is also made, though this is nearly concealed by the many orders. Her Royal Highness wore the magnificent rivière of diamonds which formed the wedding gift of the Corporation, and a tiara of diamond stars, with feathers and long tulle veil. It was, indeed, a lovely tout ensemble, and it is no wonder that the Princess has chosen to have it perpetuated by the camera. F. F. M.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

The Queen has been pleased to extend the route to and from Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee Thanksgiving Service, to be celebrated on Tuesday, the 21st inst. The following are the routes now finally decided upon:—Constitution-hill, Piccadilly, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall East, Cockspur-street, Northumberland-avenue, Embankment, and Bridge-street, to Westminster Abbey. On return from the Abbey:—Parliament-street, Whitehall, Cockspur-street, Pall-mall, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and Constitution-hill, to Buckingham Palace.

Mr. George Hepburn presided over a special court of the governors of the Scottish Hospital, held in Crane-court, Fleet-street, last week. It was resolved that, in recognition of the generous interest in the Corporation manifested by the Queen, to the funds of which she has annually contributed 100 guineas during the past fifty years, and in order to commemorate the Jubilee, a special class of fifty £12 pensioners should be created, to be styled "Jubilee pensioners."

At Portsmouth it has been decided to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee on June 21. The celebration will comprise a review of the troops in garrison and a march past, followed by a demonstration, in which 20,000 Sunday-school children will take part and be provided with tea. After that the whole of the garrison military bands will play on Southsea-common for two hours, and the celebration will conclude with a display of fireworks on the beach.

At Caistor, Lincolnshire, the Jubilee commemoration is to take the form of a tea to the poor and the erection of a town-hall. It is also proposed to open out the church tower to form a choir vestry, the west wall of the nave being hitherto unpierced.

Messrs. Harrison, Ainslie, and Co., iron merchants, have announced their intention to give £405 in aid of the celebration of the Jubilee in North Lonsdale, Lancashire; and Mr. W. G. Ainslie, M.P., the senior partner of the firm, will supplement this sum by a grant of sixpence per head to each scholar in all schools in the division, the grant to be computed on the average attendance.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's accession, a special thanksgiving service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 23, and the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Corporation will attend in State.

The Prince of Wales, treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, has fixed June 15 as the "grand day" of Trinity Term at the Middle Temple, on which day the members of the society will celebrate her Majesty's Jubilee. His Royal Highness will preside in the hall on the occasion, and a considerable number of Royal and distinguished guests are expected to be present to honour the celebration.

It is announced officially that the Jubilee of her Majesty will be celebrated in Dublin in the last week of June, and that a member of the Royal family will attend to represent the Queen.

The University of Cambridge on Sunday afternoon held a special service in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, when Great St. Mary's Church was filled to overflowing. Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, preached upon the expansion of the Christian religion and the spread of the British Empire, and pointed out how much in our national life we owed to the spirit of loyalty, which had grown so wonderfully during her long reign through the influence and purity of character of the Queen, who always identified herself with her people alike in their sorrows and their joys.

The number of children to be entertained in Windsor Home Park, near the castle, on Thursday, June 23, exceeds 6000, and about 4000 aged poor and young children will be feasted in their own parishes, making a total of 10,000 persons.

The work of planning the arrangements for the great review of Volunteers at Buckingham Palace which is now engaging the attention of the military authorities at the War Office, in conjunction with the staff of the Home district, is sufficiently advanced to indicate that nearly 30,000 Volunteers will march past her Majesty on July 2.

The organising committee of the Imperial Institute have issued a circular, which has been sanctioned by the Prince of Wales, embodying the outline of a scheme for the constitution of a governing body of the Institute. It is proposed that there shall be a general council, to consist of one hundred members, to be increased to an extent not exceeding fifty, and that the management of the Institute shall be vested in an executive council, to be chosen from the general body, and fairly representing the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India, respectively. The circular also contained proposals as to the composition of the general council.—The Marquis of Bute has contributed £500, the High Sheriff of Denbighshire (Mr. Pochin) has forwarded a cheque for £1000, and the Gwalior Durbar has subscribed 120,000 rupees to the Institute.—The Lord Provost of Glasgow and Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.S.I., have been appointed to the Organising Committee of the Institute.

Two thousand pounds has been subscribed at Hull for local and other objects in commemoration of the Jubilee, of which sum about £200 is to be remitted for the Imperial Institute.

The inhabitants of Worfield, Salop, have decided to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee on July 14 by holding a grand fête, including a dinner and tea to the children and poor of the parish in the park of Davenport House, the residence of Sir Augustus Adderly.

A garden-party in honour of the Jubilee will be given on the 22nd inst. at the British Embassy at Paris. Invitations will be issued to the members of the Diplomatic body, the principal British residents, and many distinguished French personages.

It was stated by the Duke of Cambridge at the spring general meeting of the National Rifle Association, held last Saturday, that the Wimbledon meeting will begin on Monday, July 11, and that the camp will be ready on the previous Saturday. There will be teams from the Cape of Good Hope, India, Canada, Guernsey, and Jersey.

Police-Sergeant Barker was called before Mr. Justice Hawkins at the Old Bailey yesterday week, and the learned Judge passed a high eulogium upon him, not only for the gallantry he displayed in attempting to capture the Finchley burglars, but also on account of the marked fairness and frankness towards the prisoner with which he had given his evidence at the late trial. His Lordship ordered £25 to be paid to Barker by the sheriff.

Before Mr. Justice Butt and a special jury in the Probate Division yesterday week, a suit was tried involving the testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, a well-known patent medicine vendor, who, at the time of his death, was possessed of immense wealth. The will propounded by the executors was opposed by the testator's married sister, who received no benefit under it. After hearing evidence, however, the jury found for the will, and the Judge pronounced accordingly.

THE FALKE TYPE TORPEDO-BOAT.

Among the different classes of vessels designed for special services, constructed by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., at Poplar, is one which is stated to be the fastest torpedo-boat in her Majesty's Navy. This boat has been put through its official trials; with a load of 15 tons, running continuously for two hours without stopping, a speed of 23 knots, which is equal to 26½ statute miles an hour was obtained. The boat is 135 ft. long by 14 ft. beam. Its design is known as the Falke type, being in many respects similar, but very superior, to a torpedo-boat of that name which was built two years ago by the same firm for the Austrian Government. The form of the hull is of such a character as to give exceptional steering capabilities; at the time of trial it was found to be able to steer round in a circle of a diameter of 100 yards averaging 62 seconds. The forward part of the boat is completely covered over by a large turtle back, which is the customary form of the boats built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. It was first introduced in the Batoum, which they constructed eight years ago for the Russian Government. This turtle back increases the seaworthiness of the craft by throwing the water that comes upon it freely away. It forms also good and roomy accommodation for the crew, and incloses a large portion of the torpedo apparatus. The forward torpedo gear consists of one torpedo gun, adapted for ejecting the Whitehead torpedo by means of gunpowder, now preferred on account of its simplicity. The boiler, one of Messrs. Yarrow and Co.'s special construction, of a type which has undergone many years of constant trial, is capable of developing 1660 horse-power. In the engine room there are six engines—one for driving the boat, two for compressing the air for the torpedoes, an engine for working the dynamo for producing the electric light, an engine for forcing air into the stoke-hole, and an engine working in conjunction with the distilling apparatus for supplying drinking water for the crew and the waste incidental to the boiler. Aft of the engine-room come the officers' quarters. The stern of the boat is fitted up as a pantry and for the stowage of ammunition and stores. On the deck are mounted three machine guns, and near the stern an additional conning-tower for use in case of need, around which revolve two torpedo guns for firing the torpedoes off either side. These torpedo guns can be trained to any angle it may be desired to fire them at. On both conning-towers are machine guns. The boat is now being got ready with all possible dispatch, so as to take part in the approaching naval review.

A SAFETY OIL-LAMP.

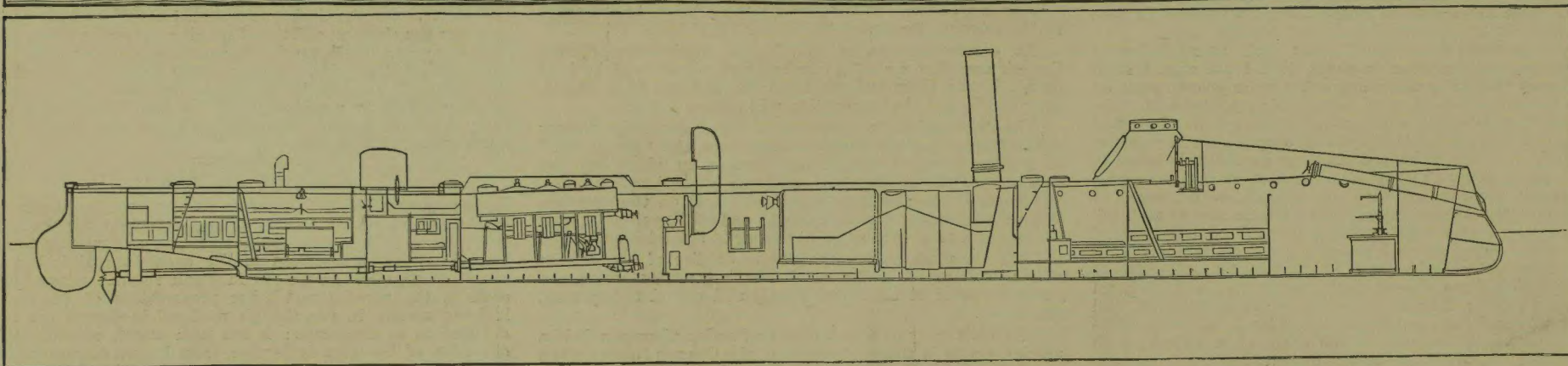
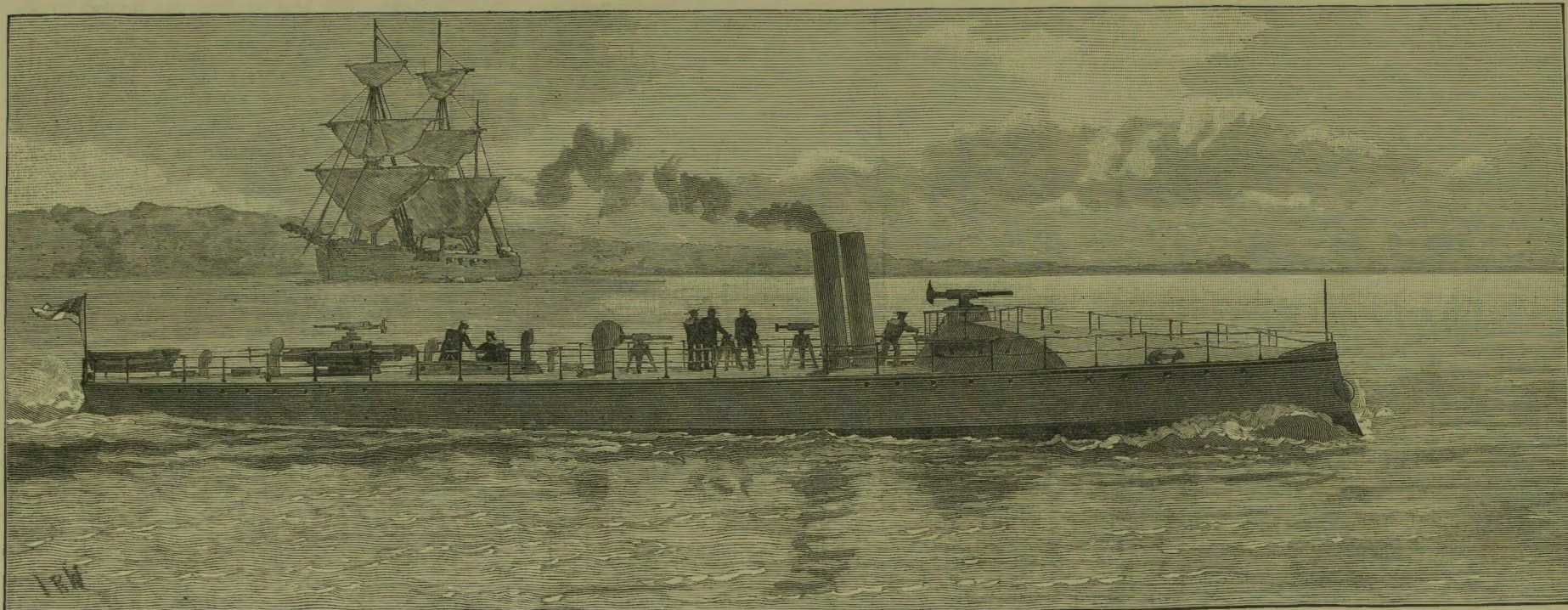
Household comfort and economy will be greatly advantaged by the general use of a safe and cheap oil-light for the room or the table. The use of gas for reading and writing or fine work is certainly injurious to the eyesight, and it has an unwholesome effect on the air in small rooms. Mineral oils, such as the paraffin and other preparations of petroleum hitherto mostly in use, though rendered inodorous, are still objected to as dangerous; it has been stated officially that one fifth of the fires in London, from known causes, are due to accidents with common lamps burning oil of this kind. The Defries Safety Lamp and Oil Company (Limited), 43 and 44, Holborn Viaduct, have succeeded in preventing all risk of such accidents. They have produced a new mineral oil which is as safe as colza oil, as it cannot be ignited, apart from the cotton wick, until after being heated to the temperature of 96 deg. above 212 deg. Fahrenheit, the boiling point of water. It has no smell, and gives out no smoke; its price is only 1s. 6d. a gallon. Messrs. Defries have also invented a patent safety-lamp, which cannot possibly explode when upset, whatever oil be used in it, as the oil will not run out; nor can explosion be caused by blowing down the chimney on the flame, as some people do to extinguish the light, since the flame will not be driven to the reservoir of oil, or reach the gas on the surface of the oil in the reservoir. We have seen these safety lamps tested both ways, laid horizontally, or turned upside-down, while burning, and blown out from the top, with perfect security. There is no pouring out of the oil, in any case. The glass chimney, in which the lamp burns with a long white flame, is of a patent design, and less liable to break than others; the burner, with a single cylindrical wick, keeps the flame, even when turned down to its lowest, in a perfect even circle, with a wide and clear inner space open down the air-tube, to the outer air at the foot of the lamp. The oil-reservoir is of brass or other metal, not of porcelain or glass. The price of the cheapest of these lamps, for the table, is three shillings and ninepence, without the sixpenny chimney. They are made of various sizes and shapes, more or less decorative; and there are suspension-lamps for lighting rooms. The camp at Wimbledon, last July, was entirely lighted by Messrs. Defries with lamps on this principle; and they have now got a contract for lighting the streets of the town of Waterford at much less cost than with gas. It is, however, for domestic use that this kind of lamp is especially recommended.

With reference to our Illustrations, last week, of the London Hospital Nursing Home and Medical College, at Whitechapel, we should have mentioned Mr. Rowland Plumbe, F.R.I.B.A., 13, Fitzroy-square, as architect of the London Hospital new buildings.

The marriage of Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, K.C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen, and Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, with Miss Evelyn Wood, second daughter of the late General Robert Blucher Wood, C.B., was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Thursday week, in the presence of a large circle of relatives and intimate friends.

The annual shooting meeting promoted by the Yorkshire Rifle Association was opened last Monday, on Towthorpe-common, a large tract of land belonging to the War Department near York. Over £600 was offered in prizes, and the entries were about an average. The weather was, on the whole, favourable for good registering, though a north-westerly wind blew in gusts across the ranges. The scoring was an improvement on that of last year. The meeting was continued on Tuesday.

At the spring meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, held in the rooms of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, on Thursday week, Mr. Daniel Adamson, who was installed as president, gave an address in which he insisted upon the importance of giving the British workman a sounder commercial training than was customary in the past. Several papers were afterwards read.—In the course of a discussion which followed the reading of papers at the adjourned meeting, next day, Sir Lowthian Bell expressed the opinion, on the subject of furnace practice at Cleveland and in America, that more iron per man was made in England weekly than in America. Among the papers read was one by Mr. J. Riley, of Glasgow, to whom the council had awarded the Bessemer gold medal for his services in the development and manufacture of mild steel for plates. The congress was concluded last Saturday, the president, Mr. Daniel Adamson, announcing that the autumn meeting would be held at Manchester, in September.



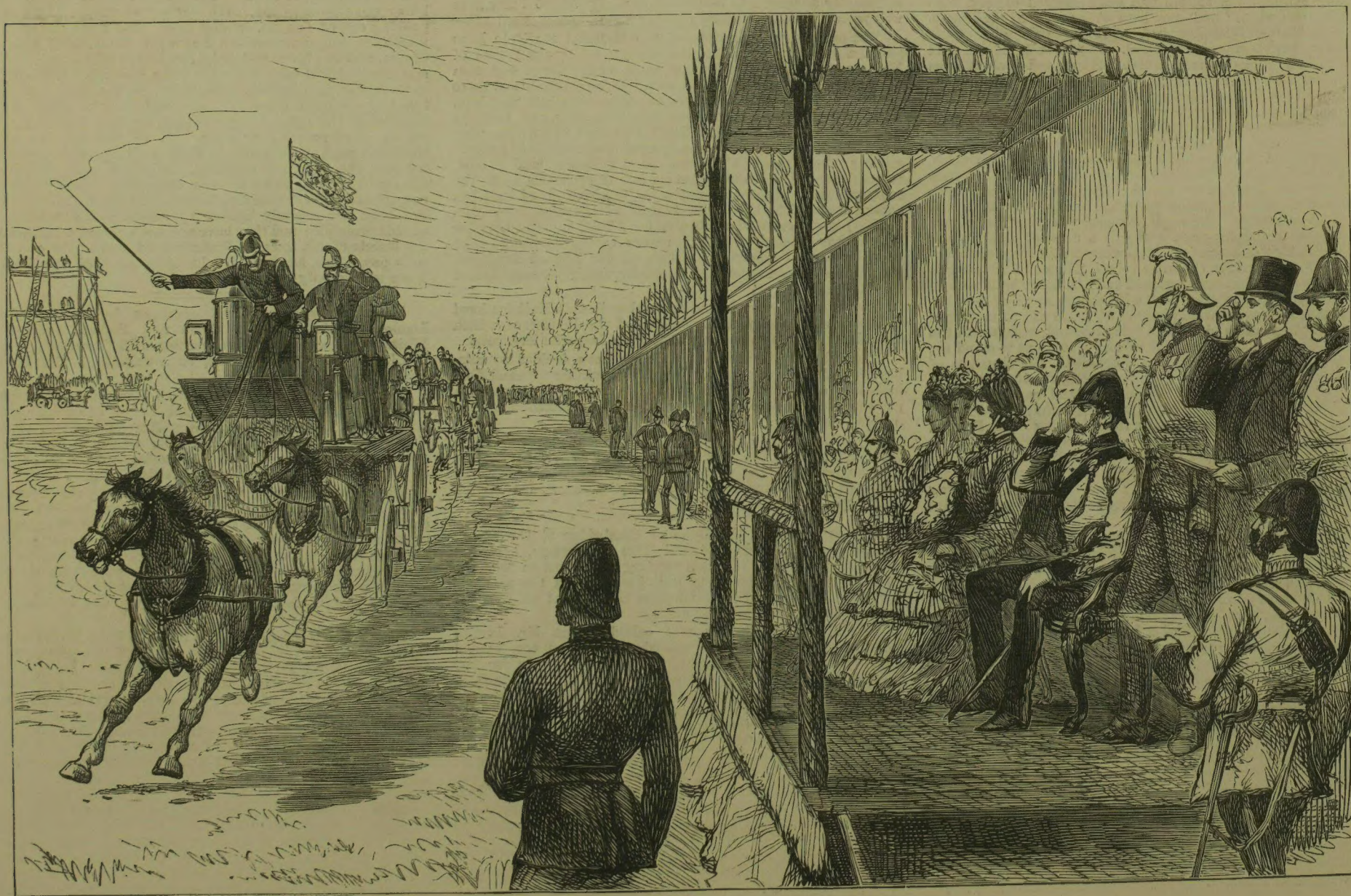
THE "FALKE" TYPE TORPEDO-BOAT, AND SECTION SHOWING GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.

JUBILEE FIRE BRIGADE SHOW, OXFORD.

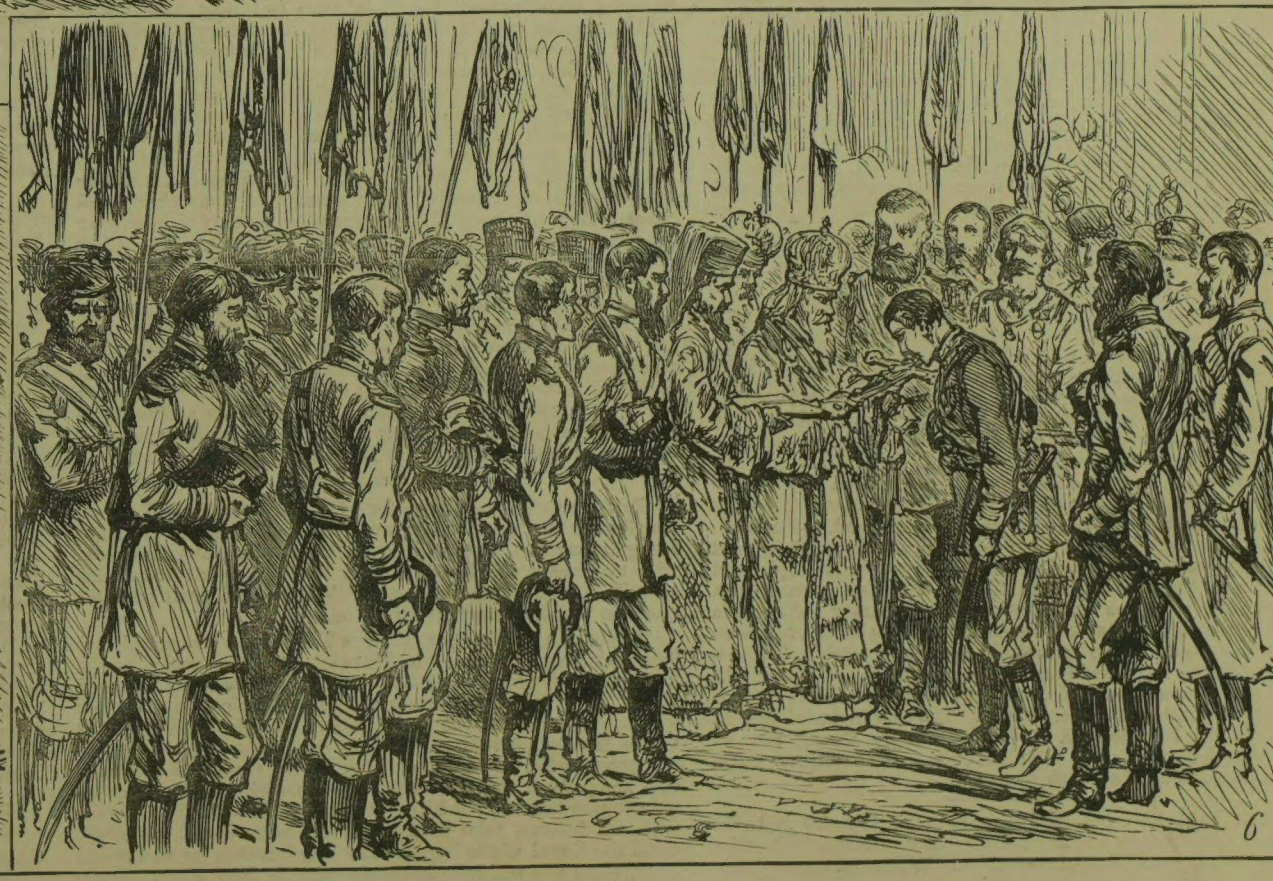
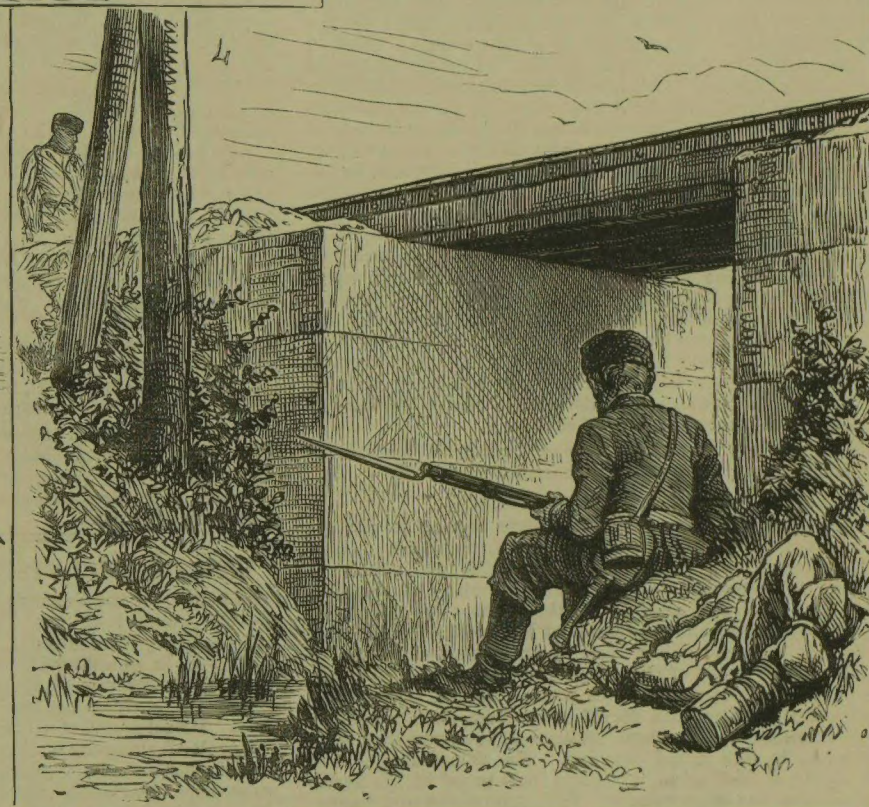
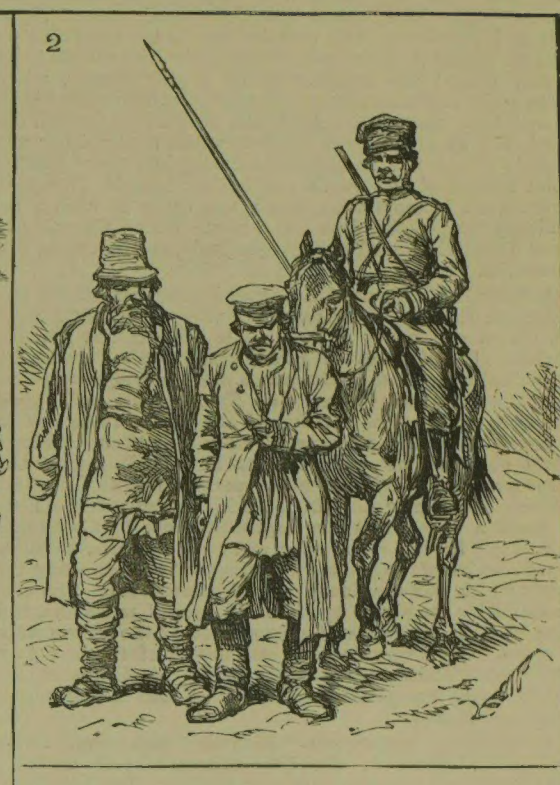
The largest display of steam and manual engines and other fire-extinguishing appliances and parade of volunteer firemen ever held in this country took place on Monday at Oxford. The engines numbered about eighty, and the firemen about 1000, and they came from a radius of seventy miles. The proceedings commenced with a luncheon in the Corn Exchange,

at which the Mayor (Alderman Hughes) presided, and a procession, a mile in length, in which there were four bands, marched to the South Park, Headington-hill. The firemen were drawn up, with the engines in the rear, and were inspected by Prince and Princess Christian; after the march-past the steam and manual engines went by at a gallop. The Captains of Brigades having been presented to their Royal Highnesses, Prince Christian congratulated the

men. The Mayor read the following telegram from the Queen:—"Thank the thousand firemen, representing eighty Brigades from all parts of the United Kingdom, sincerely for their kind and loyal message." Captain Shaw said it had been a great gratification to him to come and see an assembly of this kind, the first that had ever taken place in England. The appliances were in excellent order, and presented an appearance of efficiency which could not be excelled.



JUBILEE FIRE BRIGADE DEMONSTRATION AT OXFORD ON WHIT MONDAY.



1. Camp on the line of railway. 2 and 3. Cossacks preventing strangers coming near the railway.
4. Infantry guard at a railway viaduct. 5. Police testing the rails at night. 6. The Czarewitch kissing the Cross.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO THE DON COSSACKS.

FROM SKETCHES BY M. KURANOFF.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opening of Signor Lago's new season, on Tuesday week, was duly recorded. On the following Thursday evening "Rigoletto" was performed, with the first appearance this season of Mdle. Ella Russell and M. Devoyod, respectively as Gilda and Rigoletto. The occasion was to have included the début of Signor A. D'Andrade as the Duke, but sudden indisposition caused the substitution of Signor Figner, whose efforts, under the circumstances, should have been more kindly received than they were. As Gilda, Mdle. Ella Russell displayed fully as great merits as those which rendered her performance of the part so successful during last year—another special feature of last year's cast having been M. Devoyod's Rigoletto, an interpretation which was again of high vocal excellence and special dramatic power. Mdle. Guercia and Signor Povolieri were efficient, respectively, as Maddalena and Sparafucile.

On Saturday, Madame Albani made her first appearance this season, and sustained the character of Margherita in "Faust," with charm and power fully equal to those of any previous occasion. In brilliancy of vocalisation, poetical sentiment, and dramatic force her performance was again of exceptional excellence. Signor Gayarré, as Faust, sang with great effect, both in the tender music of the garden-scene and in the more declamatory passages of other situations. Madame Scalchi obtained her usual success in Siebel's songs, and M. Devoyod repeated his excellent performance as Valentino. As Mefistofele, Signor Lorrain made his first appearance here, and made a very favourable impression, both by his singing and acting. He has a fine voice, and good dramatic instincts, and will be heard to greater advantage when discarding the tremolo which was occasionally heard on Saturday. The cast was efficiently completed by Mdle. Di Spagni as Martha, and Signor Ughetti as Wagner. Taken altogether, the performance of "Faust" was a very fine one, and worthy of the best days of the Royal Italian Opera. The special excellence of the orchestra, and the general efficiency of the chorus, were notably manifested.

On Tuesday, Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" was given, with Mdle. Ella Russell in the title-character, and the first appearance here of Signor Stagi as Corentino. The lady fully sustained the high position she had already secured by her other performances. The music of the love-crazed Dinorah was rendered with great charm in the lighter portions—the "Cradle-song" and the "Bell-trio," for example—the "Shadow-song" having been given with fine execution of the elaborate bravura passages, and Dinorah's share in the dramatic trio of the torrent-scene, with good dramatic feeling. Signor Stagi possesses a light tender voice of agreeable quality, and he has evidently had experience both as vocalist and actor. He gave Corentino's music effectively, and acted the part of the cowardly rustic appropriately. Madame Scalchi was successful, as on many previous occasions, in the music of the Goatherd, and the character of the rugged Hoel found an admirable representative in Signor D'Andrade, who sang the music of the part with high artistic finish, his delivery of the romanza, "Sei vendicata," having been especially a fine display of vocal style and expression. The "Hunter's song," in the last act, was well given by Signor Lorrain, who made his début here on Saturday. Signor Bevnigani continues to exercise his office of conductor with unabated zeal and efficiency.

Rossini's "Tell" is promised for next week, with the début of Signor Prevost in the arduous character of Arnold.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

But one more week remains to complete the series of performances of operas in English at Drury-Lane Theatre. Last week included two interesting events—the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," for the first time this season. In the former opera Madame Marie Roze sustained the character of Elsa with all the charm of former representations, and with enhanced dramatic intensity. The recital of the dream and the recognition of the champion knight, in the first act, were delivered respectively with poetical idealism and fervid enthusiasm, the climax to a fine performance having been attained in the great duet with Lohengrin, in the bridal chamber. The title-character was filled by Mr. B. McGuckin, who gave fresh proof of his recent great advance as a stage vocalist. The music of the part was excellently sung, both in the tender and the impassioned portions; and the dramatic aspect of the character was admirably represented in dignity of bearing and splendour of knightly costume; the duet just referred to having been a specially fine piece of dramatic singing on the part of each artist. The character of the vindictive Ortrud, and her base husband, Frederick of Telramund, were rendered, with due melodramatic significance, respectively by Mdle. Tremelli and Mr. M. Eugene; although the lady's voice was somewhat affected by the ungenial weather. Mdle. Tremelli, it will be remembered, sustained the same character with much success in previous seasons at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. J. Sauvage as the Herald, and Mr. H. Hope as the King, declaimed their music effectively, and the important orchestral and choral details were well rendered. The costumes and stage accessories were remarkable for splendour and good taste; and the grouping and action of choristers and supernumeraries were of that picturesque excellence for which Mr. Augustus Harris's stage-management has rendered Drury-Lane Theatre famous. The whole performance of "Lohengrin"—musical and spectacular—was of high general excellence.

Mozart's comic *chef-d'œuvre* was given with a cast chiefly similar to that of former occasions. Again Madame Georgina Burns, as the Countess, and Madame Julia Gaylord, as Susanna, were worthy exponents of the music as of the dramatic aspects of the characters. The first-named lady was duly bright and animated; the representative of the Countess having been appropriately serious and sentimental. Another coincidence with former casts was the Cherubino of Miss M. Burton, who gave the page's music gracefully and acted archly, if somewhat wanting in forward audacity. Mr. F. H. Celli sang the music of Figaro artistically, but was scarcely volatile enough in his personation of the character. The cast included Mr. A. Cook as Dr. Bartolo, Mr. J. Sauvage as the Count, Mr. W. Esmond as Basilio, and Miss A. Cook as Marcellina. Mr. Goossens conducted on both occasions.

This (Saturday) evening Her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened, according to Mr. Mapleson's announcement, for a series of performances of Italian opera. At the time of our writing, the prospectus had not been issued.

The third concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, at St. James's Hall, took place on Thursday week—too late for notice until now. The choristers gave effective performances of several part songs (mostly of recent production) and of the choral portions of Mendelssohn's hymn "Hear my Prayer," the important solo soprano in which was finely sung by Madame Albani, who was also heard in Verdi's "Ah, fors'è lui," and Handel's air "Sweet Bird" (with the flute obbligato skilfully played by Mr. Svendsen). The other solo vocalists were Mdle.

A. Trebelli and Mr. Santley. Effective violin and pianoforte performances were contributed by Madame Norman-Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé.

Several notices of musical performances have necessarily been held over in consequence of last week's pressure on available space. The London Musical Society's concert at St. James's Hall included a cantata composed by Beethoven in 1790, on the occasion of the death of the Emperor Joseph II. Although an early work, there are indications of the individuality of style which Beethoven's music soon afterwards displayed. The cantata is interesting in itself, and was additionally so from the fact of this having been its first hearing in England. Other items of the concert referred to call for no specific notice. Dr. Mackenzie is now the conductor of the concerts of the London Musical Society.

Mr. Charles Hallé's second chamber music concert at St. James's Hall included (among other interesting features) the first performance in England of Brahms's new sonata for piano and violin. The work, which is classed as Op. 100, immediately preceded his new pianoforte trio, recently noticed. The sonata is fully worthy of the composer's reputation, and, indeed, there is more coherent interest—with a greater prevalence of melodic grace—than is found in many of his large works. The sonata received a fine interpretation from Mr. Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda. It and the trio will unquestionably be brought forward during the autumn season of the Monday Popular Concerts. The third recital was given yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

The second of Mr. Houston Collisson's London Saturday evening concerts at St. James's Hall drew a better attendance than the first. A good vocal programme was well rendered by Mdle. Trebelli, Miss Mullen, and Mrs. Scott-Ffennell; instrumental performances having been contributed by the concert-giver, Miss A. Lang, and M. Albert. On the same evening, at the Prince's Hall, Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig gave the second of their new series of chamber concerts; their performance of Brahms's new sonata for pianoforte and violin having been a specialty in an interesting programme.

M. Saint-Saëns's first recital, at St. James's Hall, included his very effective performance of his transcription of his impressive "Hymn to Victor Hugo," a sonata for piano and violin by the concert-giver, and another pleasing work of the same kind by M. Gabriel Fauré (both in association with M. Albertini), and short pieces by Rameau, Saint-Saëns, and Beethoven. The second recital takes place to-day (Saturday).

Mr. Kuhe's concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday week, derived a special interest from the first appearance, this season, of Madame Adelina Patti, the names of other eminent artists having also been included in the programme. The great prima-donna was, as usual, enthusiastically received in each of the solos set down for her—these having been Verdi's "Ah! fors'è lui," Eckert's "Echo-song," and "The Last Rose of Summer." In reply to the encores, Madame Patti sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Home, Sweet Home." Effective performances were also contributed by other well-known vocalists, violin solos by Madame Norman-Néruda, Weber's "Concertstück" (with Mr. Kuhe as pianist), and orchestral pieces by a fine band, conducted by Mr. Cusins, having combined to make up a concert of great general, as well as special, interest. Madame Patti is to appear again, at concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, on June 4th and 11th.

Josef Hofmann, a precocious pianist—said to be only nine years old—has lately been creating a great sensation on the Continent. The young artist is about to make his first appearance in England, at a recital at the Prince's Hall next Thursday afternoon.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO SOUTH RUSSIA.

The journey of the Emperor Alexander III. and the Czarewitch to the country of the Don Cossacks was attended with extraordinary precautions. A very large military force was employed in guarding every mile of the long line of railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, thence to Kharkov, and on to Novo Tcherkask, on the Don river, near the head of the Sea of Azov. Detachments of soldiery were encamped in tents at short intervals all along the line; sentinels were placed at every bridge and viaduct, and strong guards at the stations; patrols of cavalry were kept constantly moving to and fro; and before the Imperial train passed, the rails were carefully tested, and needful repairs were made under the supervision of military officers. The cost of these operations is estimated at £40,000. A prohibition, for some time, to approach within a certain distance of the railway was sternly enforced, and many peasants in their carts or travelling on foot were compelled to turn aside. These incidents are represented in our correspondent's Sketches; another of which is that of the scene at Novo Tcherkask, on May 18, when the Emperor met the assembled Cossacks, receiving the homage of their chiefs and commanding officers; and there was the ceremony of installing the Czarewitch as Hetman, or Attaman, of the Cossacks. After the celebration of mass, the Imperial brevet of appointment was read to the assembled Cossack soldiers. The Emperor addressed them, thanking them for their faithful services and for the cordial reception extended to him. His Majesty then handed the Hetman bâton to the Czarewitch, who took the oath of allegiance, kissing the cross. The Archbishop and General Kubanoff, as well as the Emperor and the Czarewitch, appear in our illustration. An Imperial Proclamation addressed to the Don Cossack Army alludes to its three hundred years of true and zealous service to the Throne and the Fatherland.

Earl Granville, as Chancellor of the University of London, distributed the awards last week, a large number of ladies being among the successful competitors. Sir John Lubbock, who represents the University in Parliament, addressed his constituents on the occasion, and referred to the great political question which is now agitating the country.

The match of the New Thames Yacht Club was sailed last Saturday from Southend to Harwich, and won easily by the Thistle. This new Scotch-built cutter was specially designed by Mr. G. L. Watson to compete for the America Cup, a prize which was given by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and won at Cowes in August, 1851, by the America. The owners of this cup presented it to the New York Yacht Club as a challenge cup, and several attempts have been made by English yachtsmen to win it back, but hitherto without success. The Thistle will, we believe, take part in all the races round our coasts until the Royal Clyde Yacht Club Regatta finishes on the 6th July, when she will take her departure for New York. There will, therefore, be plenty of time to see how she will do with our best racers before September, when the contests for the America Cup will take place. The yacht races, under the auspices of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, on Monday, were seriously affected by a thick fog, which prevented some of the yachts from finding the marks. This was the case with the Thistle, and the principal race was won by the Irex.—In Tuesday's yacht-race, from Harwich to Southend, the Thistle came in first, but lost the chief prize through the operation of the time allowance, and the Irex was declared the winner.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MEATH.

The Right Hon. William Brabazon, eleventh Earl of Meath, and Baron Brabazon of Ardee in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Chaworth of Eaton Hall, in the county of Hereford, in that of the United Kingdom, died at Kilruddery, near Bray, on the 26th ult. His Lordship was born Oct. 25, 1803, the second son of John

Chambre, tenth Earl, K.P., by Melosina Adelaide, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Clanwilliam, and succeeded his father (his elder brother having died unmarried), March 15, 1857. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Wicklow, a Commissioner of Irish Lights, Hon. Colonel 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and A.D.C. to the Queen. He married, Nov. 23, 1837, Harriot, second daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton Priory, Cheshire, and leaves, with one daughter, Lady Kathleen Brabazon, one son, Reginald, Lord Brabazon, now twelfth Earl of Meath, born July 31, 1841, and married, Jan. 7, 1868, to Lady Mary Jane Maitland, daughter and heiress of Admiral the eleventh Earl of Lauderdale, G.C.B., by whom he has issue. The nobleman whose death we record was a Whig of the old school, and sat in the House of Commons for the county of Dublin from 1837 to 1841. A generous and considerate landlord, always interested in the welfare of the people among whom he constantly resided, Lord Meath has passed away, honoured and beloved.

LORD SAYE AND SELE.

The Right Hon. and Venerable Frederick Twisleton-Wykeham

Fiennes, D.C.L., thirteenth Lord Saye and Sele, Treasurer and Canon Residentiary of Hereford Cathedral, Archdeacon of Hereford, and High Steward of Banbury, died, at Hereford, on the 26th ult. He was born July 4, 1799, the eldest son of the

Hon. Thomas James Twisleton, D.D., Archdeacon of Colombo, by Anne, his second wife, daughter and co-heir of Mr. Benjamin Ashe. He succeeded his cousin, twelfth Lord Saye and Sele, on March 31, 1847, and was twentieth in descent from Geoffrey, Lord Saye, one of the twenty-five Barons appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. He married, firstly, June 4, 1827, the Hon. Emily Wingfield, daughter of the fourth Viscount Powerscourt; and, secondly, Aug. 18, 1857, the Hon. Caroline Leigh, daughter of Chandos, Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh. By the former (who died June 20, 1837) he had five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, John Fiennes, now fourteenth Lord Saye and Sele, was born Feb. 28, 1830, and married April 24, 1856, Lady Augusta Sophia, daughter of the tenth Earl of Kinnoull, by whom he has issue. The nobleman just deceased was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, graduated B.C.L. in 1825, entered holy orders in 1823, became Treasurer of the Cathedral of Hereford in 1832, Canon Residentiary of Hereford in 1840, and Archdeacon in 1863. He assumed, by Royal license, in 1849, the additional surnames of Wykeham-Fiennes.

LORD EDWARD RUSSELL.

Admiral Lord Edward Russell, C.B., died 21st ult. He was born in 1805, the second son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, K.G., by Georgiana, his second wife, daughter of the fourth Duke of Gordon, and was consequently half-brother of the Prime Minister, Earl Russell. He entered the Royal Navy Jan. 13, 1819, became Captain 1833, Rear-Admiral in 1856, Vice-Admiral 1863, and Admiral 1867. His principal services were at Navarino in 1827, and in the Crimea in 1854, for which he had medal with clasp, the decoration of C.B., the Turkish Medal, the Legion of Honour and the Medjidieh. From 1841 to 1847 he sat in Parliament as Liberal member for Tavistock. He married, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Alexander Taylor, and was left a widower in 1874. Lord Edward was a Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen 1846 to 1850.

THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

The Right Rev. Rowley Hill, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man, died suddenly, on the 27th ult., at his residence, 10, Hereford-square. He was born, Feb. 22, 1836, the third son of Sir George Hill, third Bart., of St. Columbs, in the county of Londonderry, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1860, he was ordained; was appointed Incumbent of St. Luke's, Edgware-road in 1863; became Rector of Frant, Sussex, in 1868, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester-square, in 1871, and Vicar of Sheffield, in 1873. He was also Rural Dean and Canon of York Cathedral when he was consecrated sixty-seventh Bishop of Sodor and Man, Aug. 24, 1877. His Lordship married, first, April 30, 1863, Caroline Maud, second daughter of Captain Alfred Chapman, R.N.; and secondly, June 11, 1884, Alice Eliza, daughter of Mr. George Probyn. By the former (who died April 6, 1882) he leaves issue.

SIR CHARLES COOPER.

The Hon. Sir Charles Cooper, late Chief Justice of South Australia, died on the 24th ult., at his residence in Pulteney-street, Bath, aged ninety-two. He was son of Mr. Thomas Cooper, of Henley-on-Thames, was called to the Bar in 1827, went the Oxford Circuit, and was appointed Judge of South Australia in 1838. In 1856 he became Chief Justice, received Knighthood in 1857, and retired in 1861. Cooper's Creek, in the interior of Australia, was named after him. Sir Charles married, in 1853, Emily Grace, daughter of Mr. Charles Burton Newenham.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Alfred William Gooch, C.E., third son of Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., of Clewer Park, Windsor, on the 24th ult. Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus Darling, late Royal Artillery (Bengal), of Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, on the 21st ult., at The Ridge, Hartfield.

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Walpole (Cecilia Elizabeth), widow of the Hon. Henry Walpole, second son of the third Earl of Orford, and daughter of Mr. John Macalister, of Strathaird, on the 20th ult., at Florence.

Lord John Boteville Thynne, Lieutenant 9th Lancers, a young officer of promise, educated at Eton and Sandhurst, second son of the Marquis of Bath, on the 19th ult., at the Military Hospital, York, aged nineteen.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1885), with three codicils (dated April 1 and May 7 and 14 following), of Mrs. Emilie Fraser (the widow of Mr. John Mathison Fraser), late of Palace Houses, Bayswater-hill, who died on Feb. 28 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Alexander Caspar Fraser and John Christian Fraser, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £207,000. Three fourths of testatrix's property, by the law of Belgium, in which she was domiciled, according to the arrangements entered into on her marriage, go to her six children—Alexander Caspar, Lydia Marianne, William Thomson, Edward Seymour, Arthur Abraham, and John Christian. Out of the remaining one fourth of her property, she bequeaths legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to children, grandchildren, godchildren, relatives, and servants; and the residue thereof she leaves to her children, Lydia Marianne, Arthur Abraham, and John Christian.

The will and two codicils of Michele Gravina Requesens, Prince of Comitini, late of the Palace Satriano, Riviera di Chiaia, Naples, who died on Jan. 6 last, at Nice, were proved in London on April 30, by Giuseppa Gravina e Ruffo, Prince d'Altomonte, the son, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £21,000. The testator leaves 350,000 lire to Roxana de Luca, the only surviving child of his deceased daughter, the Marchioness de Luca; this is to be in addition to the dowry of 100,000 lire given to his said daughter on her marriage; 1000 lire to the parish priest of the Church of the Ascension, Naples, to be distributed amongst the poor, and a similar legacy to the parish priest of the Church of Albergharia, Palermo, for a like purpose; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. Subject to the foregoing bequests he appoints his said son universal heir of all his real and moveable estate.

The will (dated April 9, 1884) of the Right Rev. Jonathan Holt Titcomb, D.D., formerly Bishop of Rangoon, and afterwards Bishop Coadjutor of the Bishop of London for Northern and Central Europe, late of No. 42, Wickham-road, Brockley, Kent, who died on April 2 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Allen Thomas Edwards, the Rev. Charles Alfred Jones, and William Holt Yates Titcomb, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator gives legacies to his sons, William Holt Yates and John Henry, and to his daughter, Gertrude Maxwell; and also to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 30, 1882), with two codicils (dated Sept. 21, 1886, and March 19, 1887), of Mr. Charles Bryant, formerly of No. 32, Highbury-new-park, but late of The Grange, West Cliff, Ramsgate, builder, who died on March 31 last, was proved on April 30 by Edwin King and George Hawes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator specially devises some freehold warehouse property in Appold-street, Finsbury, and Skinner-street, producing over £2500 per annum, upon trust, to pay the income to his children, in equal shares, and on the death of the survivor for all his grandchildren, in equal shares per stirpes and not per capita. He bequeaths £500 per annum to his wife; £500 to each of his brothers and sisters; £300 to each of his executors; and legacies to a servant and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 11, 1887), of Mr. John Farley Leith, Q.C., late of St. Mary's Priory, Prittlewell, Essex, and of the Middle Temple, who died on April 11, was proved on the 21st ult. by Edward Herbert Draper and Helen, Emily, and Alicia Amy, his daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator gives £50 to his executor, Mr. Draper; £50 to his butler; and so much of his furniture as will furnish a house to his unmarried daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his seven children, Lady Mary Ann Miller, James Percy, Edward Tyrrell, William Ernest Gordon, Helen, Emily, and Alicia Amy, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 8, 1886) of Mr. James Whatman, late of Vintners, near Maidstone, Kent, who died on March 11 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Mrs. Louisa Isabella Whatman, the widow, and Miss Florence Emma Jemima Whatman, and Miss Louisa Elizabeth Whatman, the daughters, three of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator gives his mansion house (Vintners), park lands and appurtenances, with the furniture, plate, and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Isabella Whatman, and his daughters, Mrs. Mary Eliza Cornwallis Dugdale, Miss Florence Emma Jemima Whatman, Miss Louisa Elizabeth Whatman, and Mrs. Helen Philippa Louisa Trousdell, to have the use and enjoyment thereof in the order named; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife and his three first-named daughters to maintain and keep things together as much as possible.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1872), with a codicil (dated April 16, 1873), of the Rev. Frederick Loftie Cave, formerly of Ribblesford House, near Bewdley, Worcester, but late of Humber House, Bloxham, Banbury, Oxford, who died on March 14 last, was proved on April 26 by Mrs. Blanche Ellen England, the sister, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his sisters and half-sisters; and the residue of his property he leaves to his mother, for life, and then to his sisters.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1884), with two codicils (dated Feb. 27, 1884, and Nov. 22, 1886), of Mr. Henry John Dennis Dugmore, late of Bagthorpe Hall, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on April 21, by Walter Skingley, Edward Roger Murray Pratt, and Charles Meredith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator, after giving numerous legacies to servants and others, leaves Bagthorpe Hall, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his son, Henry Norris Pratt Dugmore.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1880) of Mr. John Lloyd Wynne, J.P., D.L., formerly of Coed Coch, near Abergeley, Denbighshire, but late of No. 7, Eaton-place, who died on March 4 last, was proved on April 26, by Mrs. Mary Anne Frances Lloyd Wynne, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator leaves all the furniture, books, pictures, marbles, statues, bronzes, articles of vertu, plate, and other articles at Coed Coch to be annexed as heirlooms to the mansion house; legacies to two servants; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. All his manors, messuages, hereditaments, and real estate he devises to the use of his son Edward William Lloyd Wynne, for life, with remainder to his first and every son severally and successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail.

The Earl of Derby presided at the forty-third anniversary festival dinner of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, held at Willis's Rooms. The secretary read a list of subscriptions, amounting to £1170.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 31.

The fortnight's Ministerial crisis came to an end yesterday, when M. Rouvier succeeded in constituting a Cabinet as follows:—M. Rouvier, Prime Minister, Minister of Finance, Posts and Telegraphs; Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Fallières, Interior and Public Worship; Mazeau, Justice; Spuller, Public Instruction and Fine Arts; Barbe, Agriculture; Dautresme, Commerce; De Hérédia, Public Works; Barbez, Marine; General Ferron, War. The Goblet Cabinet having been defeated by a vote in conformity with the decisions of the Budget Commission, the President of that Commission, M. Rouvier, might logically have been called upon immediately to form a new Cabinet. However, in the present Chamber there are too many intrigues to permit such natural action, and so it has required two weeks of occult-manceuvring to arrive finally at this simple result, which is far from satisfactory. The new Cabinet will be the very humble servant of M. Jules Ferry, for it is composed chiefly of old Opportunists, and consequently it is distasteful to several groups in the Chamber, and dependent for life on the good pleasure of the Conservatives. Politically, the new Cabinet is very weak. Its only chance of life will be to avoid political questions, remain a strictly business Ministry, and devote itself to balancing the Budget and realising reforms. This was the substance of the declaration read by M. Rouvier in the Chamber this afternoon, whereupon the Radicals showed their hostility by interpellating the new Cabinet on its general policy, and the discussion was accepted at once. M. Rouvier and General Ferron both explained their policy in general terms, and a warm and noisy debate followed.

The horrible catastrophe of the burning of the Opéra Comique has cast a gloom over Paris. Meanwhile, there is not enough talk about the responsibility, and about the necessity of immediate measures with a view to lessening the danger of fire in the different Parisian theatres. I have no hesitation in saying that there is not a single theatre in Paris where the necessary precautions have been taken to secure on the one hand easy egress for the public, and on the other prompt means of quelling the flames. As it is, everyone who passes an evening in a closely-packed Parisian theatre risks his life; and so defective is the supply of water of fire-engines, and of fire-escapes, that in case of a catastrophe all the bravery of the Parisian firemen is of little avail.

The Revolutionaries celebrated, as usual, the anniversary of the "week of blood" by visiting the graves of the Communards in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, and manifesting by means of red flags and incendiary speeches. It is worthy of notice that the Revolutionary procession last Sunday was headed by five members of the Municipal Council of Paris. As they came out of the cemetery half-a-dozen manifestants were arrested for shouting "Vive la Commune!" and "Vive l'Anarchie!"

M. Ernest Renan has published a volume of "Discours et Conférences," accompanied by a short preface, in which he calls especial attention to his lecture "What is a Nation?" These twenty pages, he says, are the truth, and repeating his doctrines in this preface, M. Renan adds: "Man belongs neither to his language nor to his race; he belongs only to himself, for he is a free being and a moral being. Above language, race, natural frontiers and geographical, we place the consent of populations, whatever be their language, race or religion. A nation from our point of view is a soul, a mind, a spiritual family resulting in the past from common memories, sacrifices, glories, and often common griefs; in the present from the desire to continue to live together. What constitutes a nation, is not speaking the same language or belonging to the same ethnographical group; it is having done great things together in the past, and the intention to do great things together in the future. The right of nations to decide their own fate is the only solution of the present difficulties of which the wise can dream; that is to say, it is the only solution that has no chance of being adapted."

A wet Whitsuntide has damped the pleasures of the Parisians, and never has there been a duller Grand Steeplechase day at Auteuil than last Sunday. It was even duller than the Chantilly Derby, on the previous Sunday, and very few English were present, although Paris is now full of visitors. I suppose the English are reserving their energy for next Sunday, when Merry Hampton is to win the Grand Prix. The Auteuil Steeplechase was won by Baron Finot's horse, La Vigne.

On Sunday, at Meudon, likewise in the rain, a bust of Rabelais, by the sculptor Truphème, was unveiled in the presence of several eminent literary men, who made appropriate speeches.

The medals of honour at the Salon have been awarded to the painter, Cormon; the sculptor, Fremiet; and the engraver, Courty. The only English name in the honour list is that of Mr. Jacomb-Hood, who has obtained an "honourable mention" for his portrait of a rosy maiden, in black, on a Whistlerian grey background.

T. C.

The Emperor William last Saturday received Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Connaught's brother, on his return from a seven-months' journey round the world. The Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, and their family were present on Saturday at the marriage of Major Count Schlieffen, Aide-de-Camp to the Crown Prince, with Fräulein Gersdorff, Lady-in-Waiting to the Crown Princess. The wedding-breakfast took place at the Crown Prince's residence, the New Palace, at Potsdam. The great annual spring review took place on Thursday week. Precisely at eleven o'clock the Emperor, in an open carriage, appeared on the field, and drove along the lines attended by the Royal Princes and Princesses, and a splendid suite of officers. After this the march past took place, which the troops executed with their usual precision.

The King and Queen of Denmark have visited Vienna. On Monday they dined with the Austrian Emperor and Empress at their villa at Lainz, near Vienna.—The Session of the Hungarian Parliament was closed last week with the customary ceremony by the Emperor at the Royal Palace at Ofen.—On Tuesday a statue erected to the memory of Joseph Haydn was unveiled at Vienna, in the presence of the Emperor.—The Upper House of the Reichsrath met on Tuesday, and agreed to a large number of Bills, including the Budget for 1887, a Bill for local railways, and another for a guarantee of the Hungarian-Galician Railway. The House also passed the treaties with Greece, Belgium, and Denmark.

Lord Lansdowne has been received, on his return to Ottawa, with one of the most imposing demonstrations, it is said, ever made in the Canadian capital, in which French and English Canadians alike joined.—Mr. O'Brien has completed his Canadian campaign. He states that the results of his tour have exceeded his most sanguine anticipations. Canadian public opinion, however, and the majority of the Dominion Press, regard his mission as an absolute failure.

Mr. Wise has been appointed Attorney-General for New South Wales, in the room of the Hon. W. J. Foster, who resigned.

THE COURT.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household, by the Rev. A. A. Campbell. In the afternoon, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove out, attended by Miss Stopford. On Monday, her Majesty visited Braemar, posting along the south Deeside-road to the village, which was reached shortly after six o'clock. In the Royal carriage, which was an open one, drawn by four greys, with mounted postillions, and preceded by an outrider, were, besides the Queen, Princess Henry of Battenberg and a Lady-in-Waiting. After driving through the village, along the Castleton-road, the journey was extended a short way on to the Cairnwell-hill line, and thence home by the Queen's Drive, round the Lion's Face, opposite Invercauld House.

We are authorised to state that her Majesty's second State ball will take place at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, July 6; and the second State concert on Friday, July 15.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India on the Maharanee Sunity Devee, of Kuch Behar.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, visited Tottenham last Saturday afternoon and proceeded to the Deaconesses' Institution and Training Hospital, where, after an address to the Princess had been replied to by the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales opened the Samuel Morley wing, recently erected by the sons of the late Samuel Morley in memory of their father. The Prince and Princess visited the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, in the evening. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, and the three young Princesses, were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess De Joinville, the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. The Duke d'Aumale likewise visited their Royal Highnesses. On Monday evening the Prince and Princess were present at the Opera Comique Theatre, and witnessed the performance of "As in a Looking-Glass." The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, lunched with the Russian Ambassador and the Baronne De Staal at the Russian Embassy in Chesham-place on Tuesday. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards visited the annual summer horse show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington; and in the evening they occupied the Queen's box at the performance of "Lohengrin" by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury-Lane Theatre.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief will hold a levée at one o'clock to-day (Saturday) at the Horse Guards, Whitehall.

THE NEW COINAGE AND JUBILEE MEDAL.

An important addition will be made to the coins now in circulation by the issue of the double-florin, the design of which is shown in one of our Engravings. The reverse is composed of crowned shields, bearing the arms of the United Kingdom arranged in the form of a cross between sceptres, a device which was first adopted for coins of Charles II. It was designed by Thomas Simon, the greatest of all English engravers, and it remains to be seen whether this handsome coin will be generally popular. The reverse of the florin will for the future bear the same design.

During the past year her Majesty was pleased to signify her pleasure that a portrait medallion, by Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., modelled from life, should be substituted for the effigy which the coins have hitherto borne. In the new effigy, her Majesty appears crowned and veiled, with the Riband and Star of the Garter and the Victoria and Albert order. The legend "Victoria Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina, Fidei Defensor," is variously arranged on the different coins, according to the exigencies of the design.

The opportunity has at the same time been taken, with her Majesty's approval, for making certain alterations in the designs for the reverses of some of the coins by abandoning those which did not appear to possess sufficient artistic merit to warrant their retention. The reverse of the sovereign will still bear the design of St. George and the Dragon, by Pistrucci, first adopted for the sovereigns of George IV., and the reverses of the half-sovereign and threepence remain unchanged, except that the crown has been assimilated to that used for the new effigy. The St. George and the Dragon design will be resumed for the five-pound piece, the double-sovereign, and the crown, this design having been adopted for these pieces when originally struck. The half-crown will bear the same reverse as that coin bore when first issued, a design of considerable merit by Merlin. During the last half-century public taste appears to have been satisfied, both in this country and abroad, with some such insignificant design as a wreath surrounding words or figures indicating the value of the coin; and the shilling and sixpence have during the present reign been examples of this treatment. They will in future, like the half-crown, bear the Royal arms, crowned, and surrounded by the Garter.

The Queen was further pleased to command that the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession should be commemorated by the issue of a medal. The effigy for this medal, which is also from a medallion by Mr. Boehm, has a somewhat more ornate veil than that on the coin; and on the bust, in addition to the Victoria and Albert order, is shown the badge of the Imperial order of the Crown of India. The reverse is a beautiful work by Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, of which the following is a description: "In the centre a figure representing the British Empire sits enthroned, resting one hand on the sword of Justice, and holding in the other the symbol of victorious rule. A lion is seen on each side of the Throne. At the feet of the seated figure lies Mercury, the God of Commerce, the mainstay of our Imperial strength, holding up in one hand a cup heaped with gold. Opposite to him sits the Genius of Electricity and Steam. Below, again, five shields, banded together, bear the names of the five parts of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, over which the Empire extends. On each side of the figure of Empire stand the personified elements of its greatness—on the right (of the spectator), Industry and Agriculture; on the left, Science, Letters, and Art. Above the occasion of the celebration commemorated is expressed by two winged figures representing the year 1887 (the advancing figure) and the year 1837 (with averted head), holding each a wreath. Where these wreaths interlock the letters V R I appear, and, over all, the words 'In Commemoration.'"

The issue of both the new coins and the medal will begin on June 21, the day appointed for the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake presided over the nineteenth annual congress of co-operative societies, which was begun at Carlisle on Monday, and gave the inaugural address, in which he sketched the progress of the movement in this country. Deputations were afterwards received from the trades unionists, and papers were read on co-operation in agriculture.



1. Half-crown. 2 and 3. Double Florin, reverse and obverse. 4. Double Sovereign. 5. Shilling. 6. Sixpence. 7 and 8. Jubilee Medal.

THE NEW COINAGE AND JUBILEE MEDAL.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The dark bay colt Merry Hampton had never run in public before winning the Derby on Wednesday week. This colt, by Hampton out of Doll Tearsheet, was one of Mr. Crowther Harrison's draught of yearlings sent up to the Doncaster sales in 1885, and fell to the bid of Mr. T. Spence, acting for Mr. Abingdon, for 3100 guineas. The Oaks, on Friday, was won by a daughter of the same sire. Merry Hampton is to compete for the Grand Prize of Paris and for the St. Leger. He has also

liabilities in the Thirty-ninth Triennial and Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket First October, Newmarket Derby at the Second October, Ascot Derby and Twenty-fifth New Biennial, Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, Great International Breeders' Foal Stakes at Kempton Park August, North Derby at Newcastle Summer, St. George Stakes at Liverpool July, Bickerstaffe Stakes and St. Leger at Liverpool August, Midland Derby Stakes at Leicester July, and Ebor St. Leger at York August, in addition to the following races in 1888:—Champion Stakes at Newmarket Second October,

Rous Memorial and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park Second Summer. Merry Hampton's name also appears in the Kempton Park Royal Stakes of 10,000 sovereigns at the Spring Meeting of 1889.

The Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, the oldest of the leading agricultural associations of the kingdom, opened its annual show at Dorchester on Monday, under the presidency of the Earl of Ilchester. In most of the classes the entries were above the average.



MERRY HAMPTON, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.



THE PROMENADE: PERIOD OF THE FRENCH DIRECTORY.
PAINTED BY ERNST PHILIP FLEISCHER.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Our Coloured Supplement is the view in autumn of one of the most interesting scenes in England—the banks of the Thames at Windsor, with the noble Palace of our Queen, Windsor Castle, the home of Royal State, associated with centuries of national history, though not her Majesty's favourite domestic abode. It is not very long since we gave a full description and historical account of Windsor Castle, with numerous illustrations, as the first of our series of "English Homes." The grand building, as well as the noble Park, is liberally opened to thousands of visitors yearly, and few Londoners have failed, leisure permitting, to avail themselves of such opportunities. Though, happily, never yet assailed by foreign or civil wars, the Castle has undergone no siege in the troubled reigns of ages long past, it has been connected with memorable events in the annals of English Royalty. It was the birthplace and frequent residence of more than one of the Plantagenet Kings; here is St. George's Chapel, founded by Edward III., but rebuilt by Edward IV., with the stalls of that illustrious Order, the Knights of the Garter; and here are the tombs of many of the Royal family in later times. Some of these, including that in the mausoleum at Frogmore, remind us of sad events within our own remembrance, deeply affecting the life of our beloved Queen, and recalled by all her people with respectful sympathy. But Windsor Castle is ever a fair and goodly sight, and is the seat of a peaceful, just, legitimate, and liberal Monarchy,

Broad based upon the people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

A FRENCH LADY UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

The picture by Ernst Philip Fleischer, called "A Portrait" or "The Promenade," showing how a French lady dressed in the time of the "Directoire," in the last years of the eighteenth century, affords a study of the past variations of feminine taste and fashion which may be entertaining to some of our readers. The artist was a pupil of Piloty, at Munich, and early gained success, both in that city and at Berlin, by his portraits of distinguished persons. He also studied four years at Venice. His famous picture of St. Gothard was exhibited last year at Berlin, in the Art Jubilee Exhibition. It was approved by the unanimous verdict of the German art-critics; and the Crown Prince and Princess took notice of the artist personally, inviting him to their summer residence at Potsdam. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg possesses in his private gallery a work by the same painter, "The End of the Chase." Herr Fleischer has had the "Order of Art and Science" conferred upon him, in recognition of his talent.

EFFIGY OF BISHOP FRASER.

A recumbent figure, in marble, of the late esteemed Bishop of Manchester, is to be placed on a cenotaph in the memorial chapel built, at the expense of Mrs. Fraser, in Manchester Cathedral. This work of art, by Mr. James Forsyth, sculptor, of Finchley-new-road, may partly be appreciated, though not in its full effect, from the model at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The figure of the Bishop is life-sized, and is draped in episcopal robes. His right hand rests on the breast, clasping a book, while the left is extended by his side, resting on a pastoral staff, which, with a mitre behind the head, are introduced to symbolise the episcopal office. The likeness is remarkably good. The general effect is much heightened in the complete design, by the addition of a kneeling angel at each of the four corners, differing in attitude and expression. The whole rests upon a moulded plinth of veined alabaster, which forms an agreeable contrast to the whiteness of the marble.

BISHOP WILKINSON.

The Right Rev. Thomas Edward Wilkinson, D.D., who has lately been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Chaplaincies of the Church of England in Northern and Central Europe, is a son of H. J. Wilkinson, Esq., of Walsham Hall, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. He was educated at Cambridge, and, having taken orders in the Church, and held some clerical preferment, was appointed in 1870 Bishop of Zululand. On his return to England, he became Rector of St. Catherine Coleman, in the City of London.

THE FAWCETT MEMORIAL, SALISBURY.

The late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, and Postmaster-General in the Government of Mr. Gladstone from April, 1880, to his death in November, 1884, was a native of Salisbury. A bronze statue of Mr. Fawcett has been erected in the Market-place at Salisbury, and was unveiled by the Earl of Pembroke on Wednesday week. The sculptor is Mr. H. Richard Pinker, of Kensington, who was also the sculptor of the statue of John Hunter lately presented by the Queen to the University Museum at Oxford. He has produced an effective work of art, and a truthful and characteristic likeness of Mr. Fawcett. The bronze casting has been executed by Mr. Moore, of Thames Ditton. The plinth and upper part of the pedestal are of unpolished granite. Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Witcomb and Son, of Salisbury.

The unveiling ceremony, performed by Lord Pembroke, with the assistance of the Mayor, Mr. F. Griffin, was followed by a luncheon in the Council Chamber. Among those present were Lord Pembroke, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Sir Edward Hulse, Mr. E. Hulse, M.P., the Mayor and Mayoress of Salisbury, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and the Countess of Pembroke. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in proposing the health of Mr. Leslie Stephen, the biographer of Mr. Fawcett, thanked him in the name of the subscribers to the memorial statue at Salisbury.

General Sir Richard Wilbraham presided yesterday week at the distribution of the prizes and certificates gained during the winter session by the students at the evening classes held at King's College.

By the munificence of Mr. R. E. Egerton Warburton, of Arley Hall, Cheshire, a new church was opened on the 21st ult. at Appleton Thorn, six miles from Warrington, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, by the Bishop of Chester. Mr. William Winnard, of Wigan, carried out the works, from the designs of Mr. Edmund Kirby, of Liverpool.

The judging for the twenty-fourth annual Horse Show, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, began last Saturday and continued on Monday. There were 564 entries, and it is doubtful if a better lot of animals was ever shown at Islington. The champion prize for horses was taken by the Stand Stud Company's Confident, and in the principal harness class the championship was won by Mr. J. H. Clifton's pony The Prince.—A parade of cart-horses, originated by Mr. Walter Gilbey, took place in the grounds of the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, and after the judging there was a procession through the Park and seats to Olympia, where Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented prizes to the successful competitors.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L B (Bruges).—We cannot clearly decipher your letter, but we understand it that you insist that No. 2248 can be solved by 1. Q to R 6th, K takes P; 2. R to Q 2nd (ch), any move; 3. Mates accordingly. Suppose Black play 2. K takes Kt, how do you propose to mate next move? Consult the other "Amateurs of Bruges" from whom we have received the correct solution.
W H D (Woburn).—Look at No. 2250 again.
J A (Trieste).—Send the solutions in any recognised notation and they shall be duly acknowledged.
H G K (St. John's-wood).—The first move of No. 2248 was difficult to discover; the rest easy, but ingenious and pretty.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2246 received from J R Sant and W Payne; of No. 2248 from Some Amateurs of Bruges; of Nos. 2248, 2249, and 2250 from J Bryden and Pierce Jones; of No. 2249 from Henry G King, W E H Stokes, O Bick (Oxford), R Thomas, A G Bagot, Rev Winfield Cooper, A S (The Hague), Rev T Egan, and Henry G King.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2250 received from R Worters (Canterbury), Nerina, Fairholme, A G Hunt, C E P, G W Law, W E H Stokes, W Hillier, J A Schmucke, Jupiter Junior, Henry Frau (Lyons), L Wyman, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, A W G, R L Southwell, E London, R Tweddell, E Casella (Paris), R F N Banks, C Darragh, L Falcon (Antwerp), North-Bac, Joseph Ainsworth, W B Ratten, S Bullen, B R Wood, Charles T Atkinson, C Oswald, Shalford, Ben Nevis, John G Grant, H Wardell, Major Prichard, R H Brooks, E Featherstone, W Heathcote, B Elsbury, Otto Filder (Ghent), Jack E E H, N S Harris, Z Ingold, H Reeve, Commander W L Martin (G.N.), R Thomas, T Roberts, T G (Ware), and Rev Winfield Cooper.

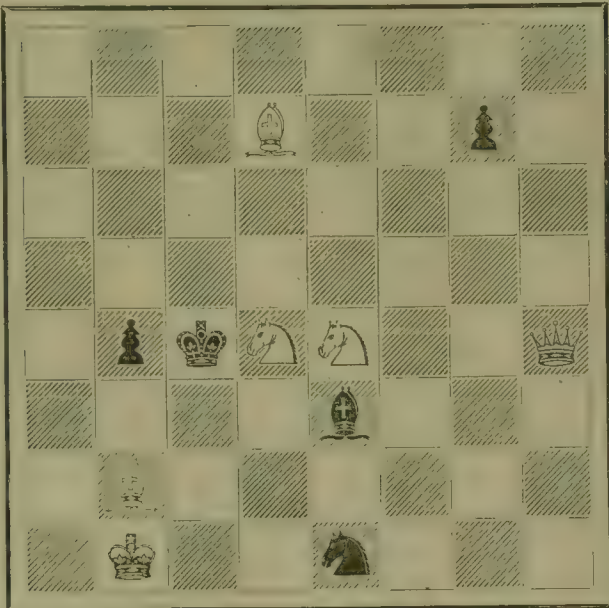
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2249.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 3rd Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2252.

By HEWART SCOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently between Messrs. BURN and POLLOCK. The notes appended to the moves are by Mr. POLLOCK.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. Kt to R 5th	Q to Kt sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd		
3. P to K Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
4. B to Kt 2nd	P to K B 4th		
5. P to K B 3rd	P takes P		
6. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd		
7. Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd		
8. P to Q B 3rd	Castles		
9. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q 4th		
10. Kt to K Kt 5th	Kt takes K P		
11. Q Kt takes Kt	B to B sq		
12. Q to R 5th	P to K R 3rd		
13. Kt to R 3rd	P takes Kt		
14. K B takes P	P to B 3rd		
15. Q to Kt 6th	P to B 3rd		
16. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B 2nd		
17. Kt to B 4th			
Threatening to win the exchange.			
18. Kt to R 5th	Q to Kt sq		

In the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne all three games played during the week ending the 28th ult. were drawn. On Tuesday the 31st ult., however, Mr. Blackburne succeeded in breaking the monotonous succession of draws by adding another game to his score, which now stands: Blackburne, 4; Zukertort, 1; drawn games, 5. Mr. Blackburne has only one more game to win to carry off the prize.

In the match, now in progress at Simpson's Divan, between Messrs. Lee and Pollock—the latter yielding the odds of Draw and move—the score stands: Lee, 3; Pollock, 1.

The third match between the Royston and Rochdale clubs was played at the Liberal Club, Royston, last week, and resulted in a decisive victory for the visitors, who scored seven points to their adversaries' three.

A match, the anticipation of which has evoked much interest locally, was played at Portsmouth on Saturday, the 21st ult., between the counties of Hants and Sussex. Although each county was represented by thirty competitors, neither side, from one cause or another, was able to put forth its full strength. Nevertheless, the list of competitors presents a fair average of the chess skill of the two counties. The players were paired according to their reputed force; drawn games to count half a point to each side, and unfinished games to be adjudicated by the captains of the respective teams, Messrs. J. H. Blake and W. McArthur. The play resulted in a victory for Hants with the score of 30 to 26.

The second of the British Chess Club's smoking concerts was held at the club-rooms, 37, King-street, Covent-garden, on Thursday, the 26th ult. There was a large attendance of members and visitors, the latter including Messrs. Henry Walsham, E. J. Odell, E. J. Lonnem, Bohee, Charles Stephenson, Cleary, Charles Coburn (with "Two Lovely Black Eyes"—"He's all right when you know him—but, you've got to know him first!"), M. Prevot, and Herr Carl Herz. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., president of the club, occupied the chair; supported by Messrs. Thomas Hewitt, F. H. Lewis, Donnithorpe, and many other leading members. Mr. Dwdney presided at the pianoforte. A very enjoyable evening was passed with songs and recitations, and at the close the president tendered the thanks of the members to the professional gentlemen who had so good-naturedly contributed to this entertainment.

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," has been purchased for the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Taking advantage of the Bank Holiday, nearly 100,000 persons on Monday visited the American Exhibition, where Buffalo Bill gave three performances. More than 61,000 went to the Crystal Palace, about 70,000 to the Alexandra Palace, upwards of 20,000 to Kew Gardens, 23,000 to the Zoological Society's Gardens, and 11,000 to the South Kensington Museum. Large numbers also visited the Albert Palace, North Woolwich Gardens, the Japanese Village, and other places of amusement in and around London. Many went to Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Richmond. Though the weather was dull, the day was not altogether unfavourable to holiday-seekers.—The various corps of Volunteers from the metropolis, as well as those of different parts of the country, which took advantage of the holidays to obtain further knowledge of their drill and duty, had a favourable day's work on Monday. The 1st Middlesex Engineers had a field-day at Clarendon on Monday, the operations being witnessed by the Duchess of Albany.—The usual Whit-Monday procession of Sunday-school scholars connected with the Church of England took place at Manchester. The weather, though cold, was, fortunately, fine, and the procession was witnessed by a large crowd of persons.

CHALFONT ST. GILES AND MILTON.

The quiet rural village of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, eight miles north of Uxbridge, was the retreat of John Milton in 1665, when the Great Plague raged in London. It is twenty-one miles from London. The early Friends, or "Quakers," had personal and local connections with that neighbourhood; and Thomas Ellwood, whose very interesting autobiography has lately been republished in Professor Henry Morley's series of the "Universal Library," engaged a "pretty box" at Chalfont, for the temporary dwelling of the blind immortal poet. Milton's town residence, at that time, was in Jewin-street, Aldersgate, and he was then composing "Paradise Lost." He finished this poem at Chalfont; and Ellwood, who visited him there, invited him to begin the sequel, "Paradise Regained." The cottage shown among our Sketches of Chalfont St. Giles is the only house now remaining which Milton is known to have occupied. Mr. Laurence Hutton tells us, in his "Literary Landmarks of London," that, "although John Milton was born and died in the metropolis, received part of his education, and was thrice married there, and lived in many houses within the bills of mortality, there is left to-day hardly a trace of anything that he touched or that is in any way associated with him." He was born in Bread-street, Cheapside, in December, 1608, and was baptised in the Church of All Hallows. Both house and church were destroyed by the Fire of London in 1666. As a boy he was sent to St. Paul's School, which also vanished in the conflagration of 1666. After graduating at Cambridge and taking a Continental tour, Milton returned to London in 1639, and hired lodgings in St. Bride's-churchyard. The house remained intact until 1824, when it was burned down, being at the time occupied by a hairdresser. Milton removed to Aldersgate-street, but no vestige of the house occupied by him there now remains. His next removal was, in 1644, to the Barbican, where he afforded shelter to his first wife's relations, who were Royalists. The house, "No. 17, Barbican," was in existence so late as 1864. A modern warehouse now occupies its site. From the Barbican, Milton repaired in 1646 to a small house on Holborn, "opening backwards into Lincoln's-inn-fields." It was too remote from Whitehall to suit Cromwell's convenience, to whom Milton was then Secretary. The Lord Protector summoned the poet to Scotland-yard, whence he migrated "to a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster." The site forms part of the lawn of Queen Anne's Mansions; an old tree was shown which he was said to have planted with his own hand. In the house at Westminster Milton lost the use of his eyes. He was driven from it in 1660, upon the Restoration of Charles II., which forced him to take shelter in Bartholomew-close, Duke-street, Aldersgate. Before long he could return to Holborn, where he took a house in Red Lion-fields, now Red Lion-square. His next move was to Jewin-street, Aldersgate, where he lived with his third wife, and with his daughters. The Jewin-street of that day has also passed away. The declining years of Milton's life were passed in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, where he dictated to his daughters his "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." Here he died, in 1674. The house of two centuries since has entirely disappeared; the nearest approach to Artillery-walk in name is Artillery-place, Bunhill-row. The remains of the great poet were consigned to the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where a monument has been erected.

The Rev. Pownoll W. Phipps, Rector of Chalfont St. Giles, Mr. James Gurney, and Mr. S. Sandars are trustees of Milton's cottage, which has, with the cottage adjoining, been obtained at a fair price from the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Tompson, of Sandhurst. The trustees, with Mr. T. Newland Allen, lord of the manor, and Colonel Phipps and Mr. W. Gurney, churchwardens, form a committee to provide for its preservation. Their intention is to set apart Milton's cottage as a reading-room and museum for objects connected with the poet, and for other matters of historic interest to the parish and neighbourhood. A fund has been instituted to enable them to pay for the cottages, to repair them, and to maintain them for these purposes. The sum of £400 or £500 is required, and subscriptions may be sent to the Rector or churchwardens, or may be paid to the London and Westminster Bank, 1, St. James's-square, S.W., to the account of the hon. treasurer of the "Chalfont St. Giles Jubilee Milton Memorial Fund," Samuel Sandars, Esq., J.P., of The Grove, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, and 7, De Vere-gardens, South Kensington.

As the intention to use part of one of the cottages as a reading-room and museum has been adversely criticised, it should be explained that this particular use of the house is necessary, owing to the law of mortmain; but every care will be taken to prevent injury to the building. A reading and recreation room already exists in the village. The cottage would not be kept as Milton left it if it remained as an ordinary village dwelling, to be occupied by a labourer's family.

Our illustration of Milton's cottage is copied from a drawing by Mr. Wilfrid Ball.

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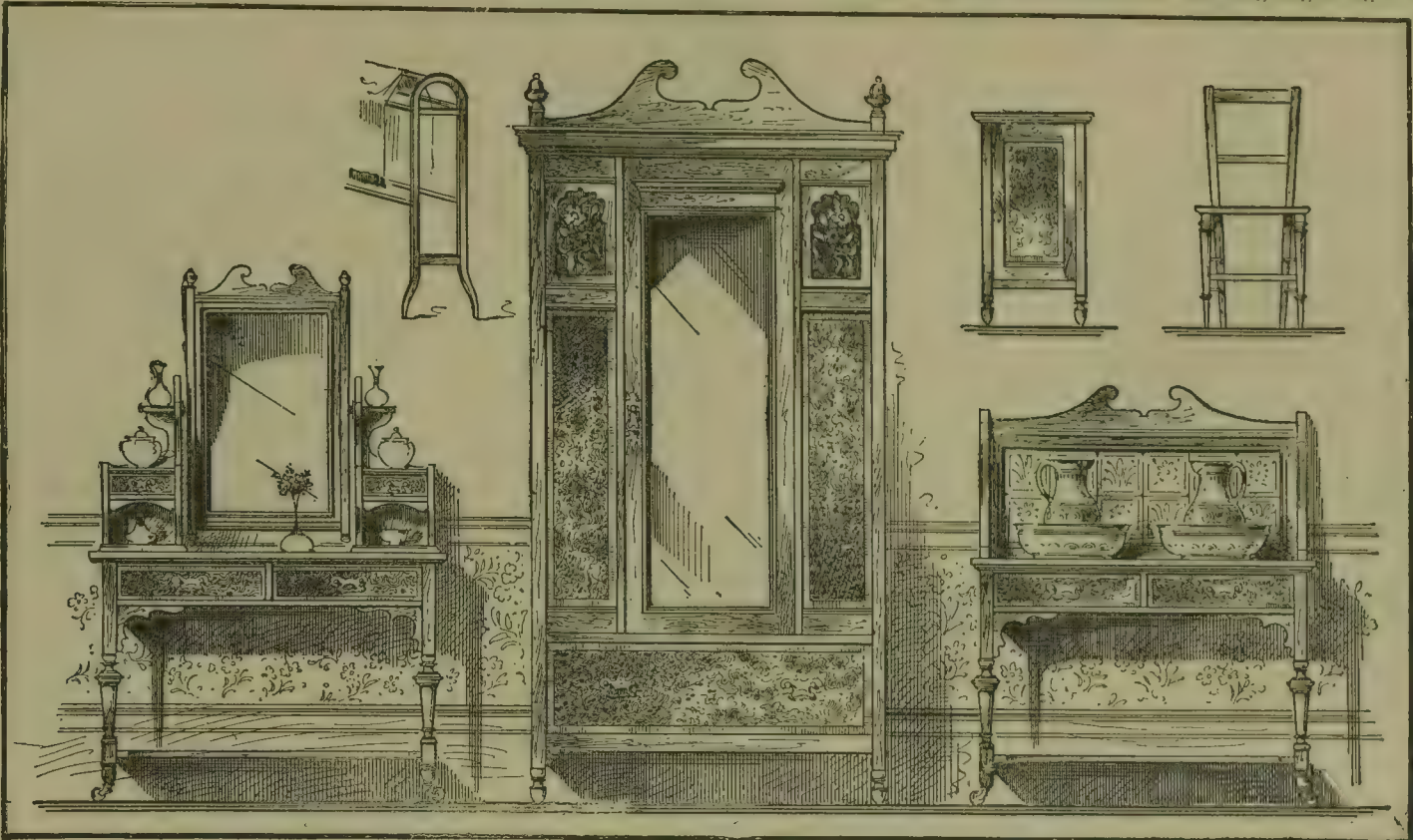
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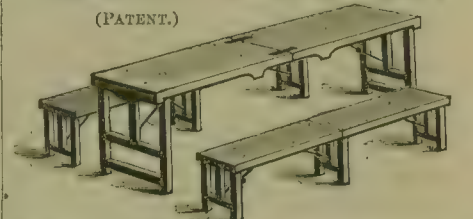
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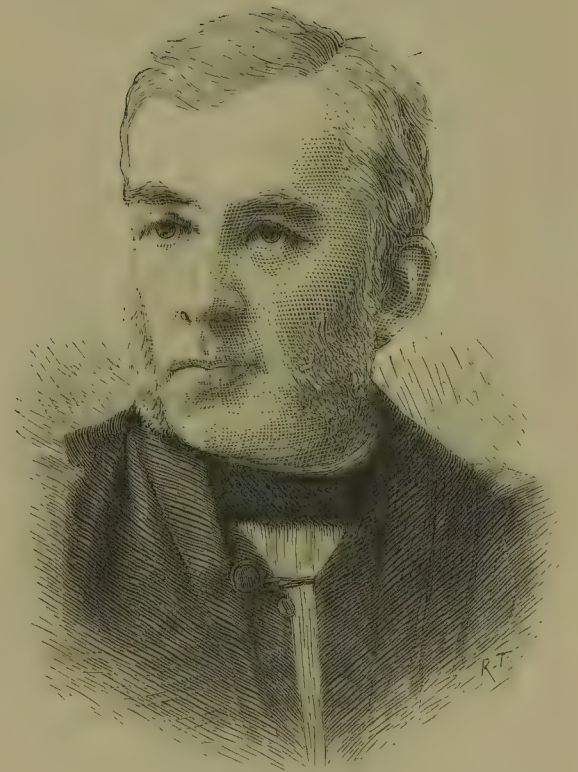
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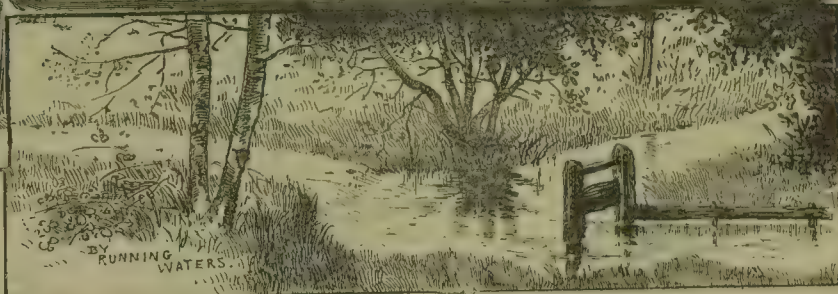
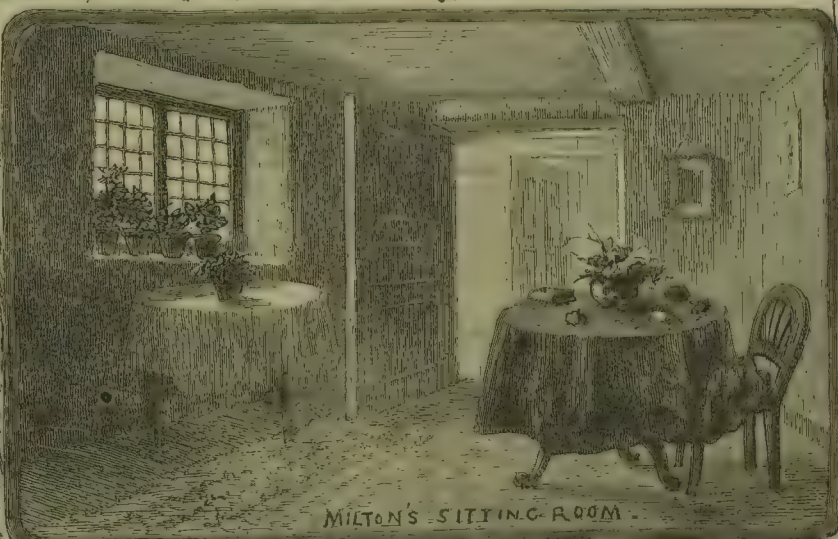
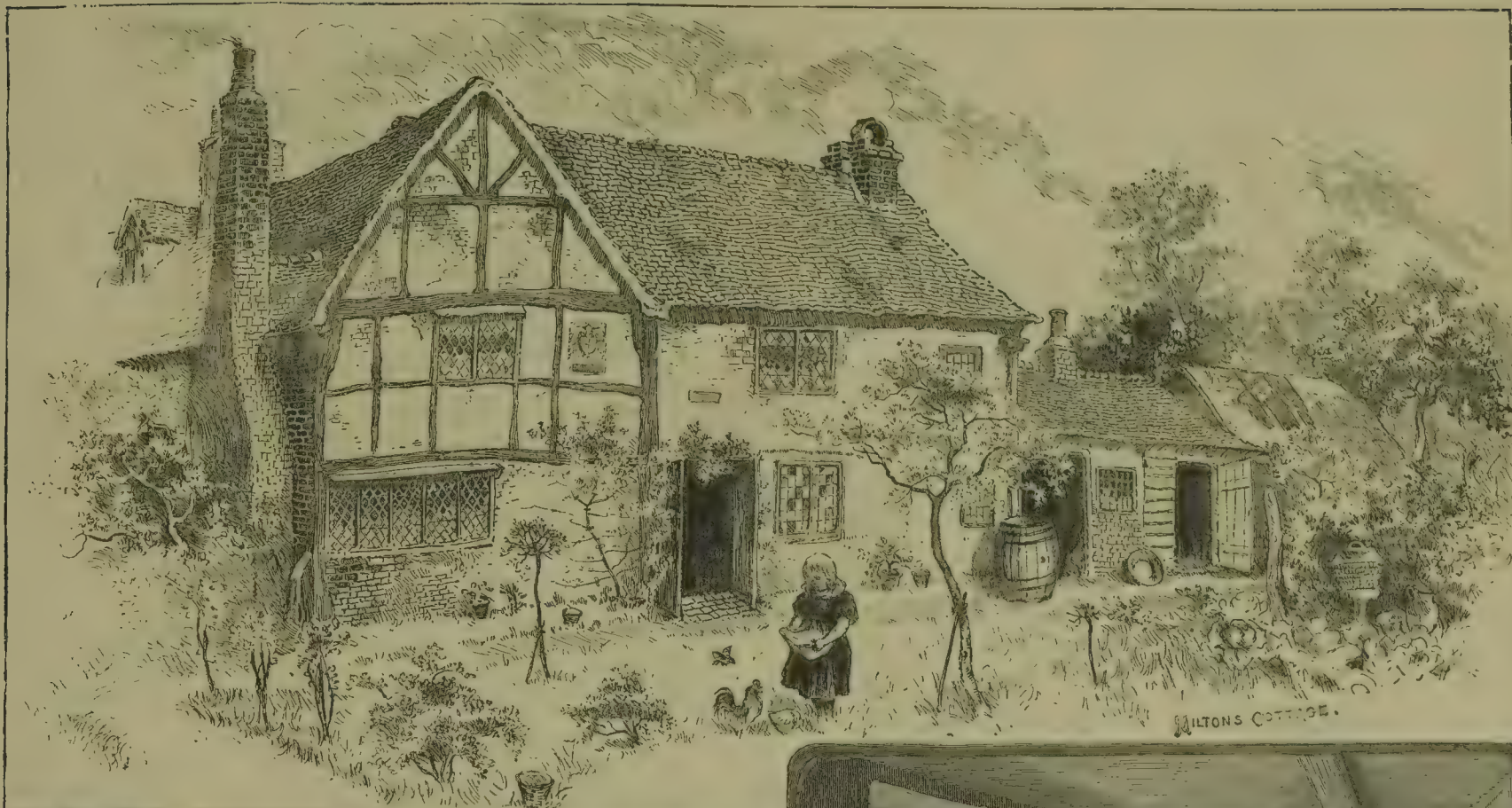
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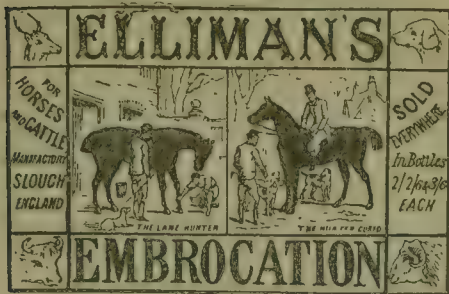


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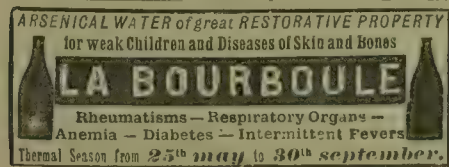
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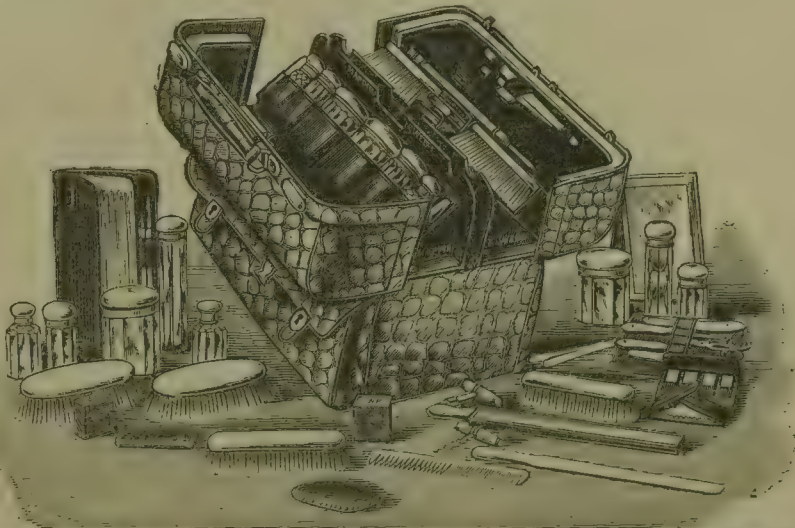
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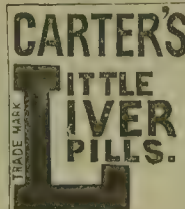
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FROM A SKETCH BY M. BARUCIL.

ALL YE THAT PASS BY.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Tom rose and unlocked a spirit-case which stood on the sideboard. "Here you are," he said, handing a decanter to his guest. "And now," he added, "I should very much like to know how you got yourself into such an awkward scrape to-day. You're not a professional welsher, you know. I can tell a rogue when I see him, and yours isn't a rogue's face."

"I don't think there's a many professional welshers about, Sir," observed the man, quietly. "'Twouldn't pay, as a profession. There's a deal more money to be made by acting on the square, Sir; take my word for it."

"Why don't you act on the square, then?"

"Well, Sir, circumstances was too many for me. I couldn't have met my engagements, and so there was nothing for it, as I could see, except taking the next train for London, and looking pretty sloppy about it."

"You didn't look quite sloppy enough about it, it seems. I only hope the punishment you had to-day will be a warning to you not to try such games on again. This was your first attempt of the kind, unless I am much mistaken."

Mr. Holiday drew his hand once or twice across his mouth and chin. "I will not deceive you, Sir," he replied, at length. "This aint the first time as I've been obliged to leave a race-course without stoppin' to say good-bye to my friends."

"Oh!" said Tom, rather disappointed; "I am sorry to hear it. But now, you know, Holiday, you must turn over a new leaf—you must indeed. I don't want to preach to you: I'm no better than my neighbours, and I dare say I commit about as many sins as other people. But then, what I think is, there are degrees in sin, and it does seem to me that welshing is one of the most contemptible offences that a man can well be guilty of."

"I suppose it is, Sir," agreed the other, musingly. "Yes; 'tis a fact that your fellow-creatures 'll forgive you most anything, except doin' 'em out o' their money. And yet even there what a difference there is between our betters and us, to be sure! There's a deal o' play goes on at some o' them London clubs, I'm told. Maybe your own club, the Junior United Service?"

"How do you know I belong there?" interrupted Tom, in some surprise.

"Oh, I seen you coming down the steps, Sir, many and many 's the time. Swep' the crossin' corner o' Charles-street for a matter o' six months, I did. Well, I dunno as they do much card-playin' at your club; but there's others where it's precious little else, arternoon, evenin', and night—so they say. And I suppose every now and then it 'appens as a gent can't pay when settlin' day comes round."

"Then he gets into trouble."

"The other members don't all set upon him and thrash him within a hinch of his life, do they, Sir? Look at bankrupts agin! Why, some o' these City gents, they 'll bust up for a cool million and a 'arf, and the parties as they owes the money to, 'stead o' ketchin' 'old o' 'em and chuckin' 'em into the Thames, accepts a composition o' so much in the pound, and there's a end of it. And the City gent, he says, 'Werry sorry, gentlemen,' he says; 'but I'm the victim of circumstances,' he says. Just my own case, Sir."

"I never heard of a welsher offering to pay so much in the pound," observed Tom.

"Bless your soul, Sir! he wouldn't 'ave a 'ole bone left in his skin if he did. No! 'tis neck or nothin' with us."

"Well but, Holiday, supposing that bankrupts were all swindlers, and that they got off more cheaply than they deserved, it wouldn't follow that swindling ought to be allowed."

"There 'll allus be swindlin', Sir, I expect, whether it's allowed or whether it aint. But it do seem a queer thing that the small swindlers should get their bones broke or be sent to quod, while the big 'uns go on as merry as ever."

"It's the way of the world, Holiday."

"So 'tis, Sir; and a rum little world we live in, when you come to think of it. I've bin a-studyin' this world, as I may say, for a number o' years, 'avin' 'ad a many ups and downs and a deal o' time for considerin' things."

"And what conclusion have you reached?"

"Well, Sir, I think 'tis in a bad way, and likely to be wus afore it gets better. There's too much misery, Sir—that's my view. Millions born to nothin' but sufferin' and a few thousands 'avin' of it all their own way—'twasn't meant to be so, Sir, you may depend."

"It isn't very easy to discover what was meant; but I believe the wise men say that whatever is right. By which they mean either that it couldn't have been otherwise or that Providence has ordained that things should be as they are."

"Maybe the wise men aint so wise as they look, Sir, or maybe Providence has filled their pockets. Anyway, them millions aint likely to agree with them for ever. Stands to reason they aint. One o' these fine days they 'll up and say to the thousands, 'We're men and women, same as yourselves, and we don't see no reason why you should 'ave all the pounds and shillin's and us on'y the 'alfpence and the kicks. Now we're goin' to 'ave a fresh start, and share and share alike.'"

"Something of the kind was attempted in France about a hundred years ago," remarked Tom, "but it didn't succeed. Everybody admits that the good things of this world are very unevenly divided; but nobody has ever been able to suggest a remedy that would work."

"P'raps they aint tried very 'ard, Sir. Bless you! I don't blame 'em. If we was up and you was down, we shouldn't treat you no better nor you treat us—human natur' bein' what 'tis. Seems a'most as if human natur' 'd 'ave to change afore we could do much good."

Captain Craven confessed at once that the many enigmas of life were too difficult for him; but added, like the sensible man that he was, that it was at all events prudent to shape one's conduct in accordance with existing laws, such as they were. Possibly aristocratic swindlers were let off more easily than plebeian ones; but then the inequality of justice involved honest men in no hardship. It might be that welshers were not such bad fellows as they appeared to be; but it was undeniable that they might become still better fellows by ceasing to be welshers at all. And so forth, for ten minutes or thereabouts. The orator was respectfully listened to, and was able to flatter himself that his well-meant *petitions principii* were not altogether thrown away. He was at least so far successful that before he went to bed he had induced Dick Holiday to promise that he would eschew bookmaking for the future. He, on his side, betrayed an unconscious respect for his companion by taking it for granted that the promise would be kept.

In due time the welsher sat down to breakfast with his host, but was neither so talkative nor so much at his ease as he had been on the previous evening. When the meal was over, and when Captain Craven—who, for his part, had been as cheery and chatty as ever—had led him into the library and offered him a cigar, he thus delivered himself:—"Sir, you've been that good and kind to me as 'taint no manner o' use for me to try and thank you. I've got to bid you good-bye now, and all I can say is you shan't 'ear o' me no more. 'Tis all the return

I can make you. Now, as to these yere clothes, Sir, as I've got on"—

"You 'll keep them, of course," interrupted Tom, hastily. "And look here, Holiday, I wanted to tell you how sorry I am that I spoke as I did about that ulster yesterday. It was an infernally ungentelemanly speech to make, and I beg your pardon. You 'll want a little money, of course"—

Here Tom fumbled in his pocket, and produced a five-pound note; but this remarkable welsher drew back, holding up his hand. "'Arf a suvvin, Sir, if you 'll be so good, for to pay my fare back to London; but no more. 'Tis a sort o' feelin' as I 'ave."

Some photographs of Tom were lying on the table. He picked up one of them, and said, "This is what I should vally more'n five pound, or even ten, Sir, if you 'll believe me. I wouldn't show it to man nor woman," he added, eagerly, emphasising his assurance by an expression which might look somewhat profane in print, and shall therefore be omitted.

Good-natured Captain Craven did not refuse, though, in truth, he would have preferred to be asked for money. He gave the man the photograph and the half-sovereign, and shook hands with him and let him go. What more could he do?

A week later, the post brought him an envelope inclosing a post-office order for ten shillings, and the following words, written upon a very dirty piece of paper:—"Sir, I return the arf quid as you lent me op in as youl excuse the Libbaty. Sir, from Infamashun I ave received gang forward is a moral for the Ginnies wich I ave backed im myself for a trifel tho no more layin of the hods for Me. Sir, I thank you from my art for your kindness and wishin you Many yeres of elth and apiness from your umbel sarvint RICHARD HOLIDAY."

"Poor beggar!" muttered Tom. "I should like to give him a start in some honest calling, if I could."

But perhaps he couldn't have done that in any case; and, as the letter was not dated, there was nothing for it but to back Gang Forward for the Two Thousand, to pay the tribute of a smile and a sigh to Dick Holiday's honesty, and to forget all about him.

CHAPTER II.

The whimsical episode above described did not dwell for a great many weeks in Tom Craven's memory. A less benevolent man might have recollected it longer. Tom, who was for ever doing kind and foolish things, regarded the circumstance of his having once sat down to dinner with a philosophical welsher rather as a joke than as a noble act of condescension on his part. And, viewed in the light of a joke, it had not been so first-rate as to induce frequent looking back upon. He sought his whilom companion at the next few race-meetings which he attended, but, not discovering him, and having other matters of importance to think about, he soon ceased to speculate upon Dick Holiday's destiny.

Possibly Dick Holiday's destiny may have been a foregone conclusion: leaving unlikely accidents out of account, Tom Craven's certainly was. No such accidents occurred; and the owner of Houghton Lodge fulfilled in all respects the forecast of his career which might have been ventured upon by a cautious prophet. In due course of time he married, became a Justice of the Peace, and the father of a young family; gave up riding in steeplechases, took to whist, grew a trifle less indiscriminate in his charity, and finally, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, entered Parliament as member for Maplehurst. Ten years after the day on which we first made his acquaintance he was a hearty, healthy, country gentleman, moderately Conservative in his politics, and well known and liked, both in the House and at the three or four London clubs to which he belonged. Amongst the latter the Junior United Service was not the one where he was most frequently to be met with in these days; but he looked in there every now and then; and there it was that a note was handed to him one morning which puzzled him a little at first. It was from a certain celebrated surgeon with whom he was slightly acquainted, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—If you could spare time to call at the Middlesex Hospital at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, you would be doing an act of kindness. A man named Richard Holiday, who was operated upon (unsuccessfully, I fear) a short time since, has expressed a very strong wish to see you, and has furnished me with the address to which I send this. He says you will remember his name, and is confident that you will not refuse to visit him when you hear of his condition. Should you find yourself able to comply with his request, I shall be very glad to meet you at the hospital at the hour I have named."

The kind-hearted member for Maplehurst prepared at once to do as he was asked. The name of Richard Holiday seemed to him to have a familiar sound; but it was not until he was half-way up Regent-street that a sudden flash of recollection enabled him to connect it with his old friend the welsher. He was surprised and a little touched, thinking to himself, "Poor chap! I wonder what he wants of me." It did not occur to him that the man wanted nothing more than to see him once again before closing his eyes upon a hard world. The world had not been hard to Tom Craven, and it would have been difficult to convince him that there are people who esteem themselves fortunate if they have met with a single good Samaritan in the course of their pilgrimage through it. He reached the hospital as the clock was striking ten and was met by the famous surgeon, who said, briefly: "I am glad you have come, Captain Craven. Will you follow me, please?" and so led the way up-stairs without further words.

Tom was a little bit in awe of the grave, elderly man, who had made such a reputation for himself that he could not show his face in any European capital without receiving an ovation; nevertheless, some preliminary explanations seemed necessary. "I say, Doctor," he began, "I should like just to know whether there's any hope of this poor fellow getting better before I see him. It's an odd thing his having sent for me. I have only met him once before in my life, and that was ever so many years ago. It was on a race-course"—

"He told me all about that," interrupted the other, whose time was of value. "No; I do not think there is the slightest chance of his recovery. He has undergone a severe operation, and though he rallied from it better than I expected, the improvement has not been maintained, and he is now sinking. He must have had a good constitution to start with; but it has been completely ruined, partly by drink, and partly by privation, I should say. He is quite aware that he is dying; so that you need not hesitate to speak to him about it, if that is what you mean."

Both the words and the tone in which they were uttered struck Tom as rather unfeeling. He said no more, but followed his guide into the ward where Dick Holiday was lying. The moment that he saw him he recognised him, though the ten years which had passed so lightly over his own head had converted the ex-welsher into a broken old man. Tom's big heart swelled with pity as he looked down upon the grey, pinched face, which lighted up with a smile in response to his greeting. He took the man's hand, and said kindly: "Well, Holiday, so you haven't forgotten me in all this long time?"

"No fear, Sir!" answered Dick; and then, turning to the surgeon, he added triumphantly, "I knowed he'd come, Sir—told you he would!"

"So you did," replied the surgeon; "you were quite right."

He bent over his patient, deftly lifting him up with one strong arm while he arranged the pillows, and then laid him gently down again. "That's more comfortable, isn't it?" he asked.

This somewhat stern and taciturn personage had a way of winning the hearts of all those whose suffering his skill relieved; and, indeed, he was no sooner gone than Dick broke forth into loud praises of him. "There, Sir! you won't meet with his match in a 'urry, I 'll be bound! Why, they tell me as what he done for me 'd ha' cost you a 'undred, or maybe two 'undred guineas. He couldn't ha' took more pains with me if I 'd bin the Queen on her throne; nor yet he couldn't ha' showed me more kindness if I 'd bin his own brother. I do b'lieve, Sir, that if there was a thousand or so like you and 'im goin' about, you 'd manage to put things straight among you—blessed if I don't."

"He is a good fellow, I believe," remarked Tom. "Too good to be named in the same breath with me, anyhow."

"Some might say so, Sir," answered Holiday, sententiously. "Others, agin, might think different." He turned on to his side with some difficulty, and felt under the pillow until he found what he was in search of. Having found it, he held it up with a look of satisfaction. "That aint left me day nor night, Sir, since I saw you last," said he.

It was the photograph that Tom had given him—faded, dog's-eared, and very dirty; still quite recognisable as a portrait of Captain Craven, æt. twenty-eight. The original of the likeness sighed, partly because he was eight-and-twenty no longer, and partly because he felt as if he might have done a little more to deserve such dog-like fidelity. "Well, well," he said, looking at the photograph; "those were pleasant days."

"You aint 'ad no unpleasant days since, 'ave ye, Sir?" asked the man, anxiously, and without any intention of irony.

"Well, no," answered Tom; "no; I can't say that I have. Life has gone well with me, Holiday, and that's the truth. I wish you had had half my luck."

"It don't make no odds now, Sir."

There was a short pause, during which Tom was wondering what he could possibly say that would be of any comfort to this dying outcast. He could think of nothing, and ended by asking gently, "Are you suffering much?"

"Not to signify, Sir. 'Tis on'y a little, and they tell me it 'll pass off soon. I've pretty nigh done with sufferin' now, Sir."

"I'm afraid you have had a great deal of trouble in this world, Holiday."

"Precious little else, Sir—and deserved it all, maybe, though I aint quite sure as to that. Larst time as I was up afore the beak, he says to me, 'You're a incorrigible offender. You're for ever in trouble, and you've on'y got your own intemperate 'abits to thank for it. I shall pass the 'eaviest sentence I can upon you,' he says. For you see, Sir, the drink allus made me quarrelsome, though not a quarrelsome man by natur'; and when one o' them blessed bobbies 'd come along and ketch 'old of me by the collar, there was bound to be a row. But the parson as come 'ere to see me—and very kind he 've bin to me—he says, 'tother day, 'Well, Dick,' he says, 'I don't know as you've bin so much to blame, arter all,' he says, 'though p'raps I didn't ought to tell you so.' But there!—it couldn't do me no 'arm for to 'ave my own thoughts put into words. I aint hurt nobody very much, as I can call to mind, and I aint robbed a poor man—not since you picked me up by the side o' the road that day. And what I done I've mostly 'ad to pay for, and pay pretty 'eavy too. 'Tis the drink as causes all the trouble, they say; but then 'tis the trouble as causes the drink, do you see, Sir. I kep' from it till I couldn't keep from it no longer. Day as I left you, I says to myself, 'Dick,' says I, 'you're agoin' to run straight now, 'enceforward and for ever. But the luck went clean agin me. Many and many 's the time as I've slep' out o' doors in the rain; and these larst two years I've 'ad a deal o' pain to bear—a deal o' pain, Sir.' He sighed and fell back, repeating under his breath, "a deal o' pain."

Soft-hearted Tom Craven discovered something interesting to look at out of the window. He was thinking, "Oh, poor fellow!—poor, honest rascal! Why didn't I let him have a chance?"

He came back to the dying man's bedside presently, and said sorrowfully: "It has been a good deal my fault that you have come to grief, Holiday. I might so easily have taken you as groom or helper, or found some other work for you to do."

"Bless your simple 'eart," answered Dick; "you couldn't ha' done that. Why, all your servants 'd ha' given you warnin' next day! And if I 'd come and arst you for money any time these ten years you 'd ha' give it me—I knowed that well enough. You done more for me than money could do, Sir; that's what I wanted to tell you. And 'tis my belief, Sir, that if the other swells was like you, this 'ere world wouldn't be the place o' torment that it is to them as aint swells."

"A great deal is done, Holiday," said Tom. "There must always be misery, I'm afraid; but I think that, as a nation, we do what we can to relieve it."

"Oh, I know there's laws, Sir—on'y it don't seem to be anybody's business to set 'em agoin'. And there's ospitals and charitable institootions, not to speak o' dinners for the criminal classes and such-like sing'lar notions. But all that won't do no good worth mentionin' so long as the most o' you don't care whether things goes right or wrong. 'Tis human natur', Sir, as I made so bold for to tell you long ago. Them as is up aint going to make theirselves miserable for long by thinkin' about them as is down. 'Tis a bad job,' says they; 'but it can't be 'elped, and so let's forget it!'"

Tom Craven, it must be confessed, did not perplex himself long over a problem which neither he nor Dick Holiday was able to solve. The latter lingered on for about a week, and had several long talks with the man whom he persisted in regarding as his benefactor. The kindly surgeon looked in upon them every morning and listened to their discussions without offering any comments of his own. "He aint got the gift o' the gab," Dick remarked confidentially one day after he had left the ward; "but there!—he's got something better to do than jaw, he has!"

Poor Dick's loquacity had very nearly reached its term now. Towards the end his mind began to wander, and his philosophical reflections were mingled with shouts of "Two to one, bar one!—two to one I 'll lay!"—together with certain elaborate perversions of language such as one would rather not hear a man give utterance to on his death-bed. It was sad enough to listen to him. He might have been a sober and respectable member of the community; he seemed to have all the elements of such a character in him; but fate had thrown him into a class which does not produce sober members of the community; and so, after living his life like millions of others, a victim to "the something that infects the world," he passed away at last, as they have passed and are passing—to rest, it may be hoped.

W. E. N.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY.

The Moors in Spain. By Stanley Lane Poole, B.A. (T. Fisher Unwin).—"The Story of the Nations," a series of compact volumes contributed by different well-chosen authors, under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Gilman, M.A., is continued with remarkable success. Along with Professor George Rawlinson's "Egypt" and the "Carthage" of Professor Alfred Church, none of these works have themes more fit than the two which are just now to be noticed: "Alexander's Empire" and "The Moors in Spain." Mr. Stanley Lane Poole is one of an accomplished family, several of whose members have done much to make English readers better acquainted with Oriental and ancient life and literature. But the term "Oriental," though it remains still true as indicating the original source of Moorish, or properly Arabic, civilisation, almost ceases to be appropriate when we contemplate the wonderful development of Arab culture on the north-western shores of Africa and in Southern Spain. Mediæval and modern Europe, to this day, has owed an immense debt of instruction to the "Moors" or Arabs, a race hardly inferior in cleverness to their Greek teachers or to their Italian, Provencal, and other European pupils. From them, indirectly but certainly, the rudiments of our arts, sciences, and literature are mainly derived. As for poetry and romance, without underrating the Teutonic element or the contributions of Gothic, Frankish, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian legends, it must be acknowledged that the ornamental phase of chivalry obtained its fantastic lustre from the Arabs, whose example had the greatest influence on the early literature of France, and secondarily upon that of England in the first Plantagenet reigns. Neither the Roland or Orlando nor the King Arthur cycle of chivalrous stories would have assumed the brilliant garb in which they seized, respectively, the imaginations of French, Italian, and English poets, if the splendid pattern of Arab courtly and military society, "le donne, i cavalieri, le arti, gli amori, le cortesie, le audaci imprese" of chivalry, with the underlying marvels of magic, had not been lent to the Western nations by the Moors of Spain. The real history of that highly gifted nation, whose superb palace of the Alhambra, at Granada, is but one, probably not the grandest and the most beautiful, of the sumptuous edifices that they reared, is quite as romantic as the mediæval tales of fancy. It has been rendered popular, in some degree, by Lockhart, Southey, Washington Irving, Prescott, and other writers; but it is a subject so rich in vivid interest, with such abundance of stirring adventure, and such brightness of picturesque colour, that the reader will not soon be tired. In the hands of Mr. Stanley Lane Poole we are skilfully led through this narrative of the settlement of the Moors in Spain upon the overthrow of the Visigoth Kingdom, in the eighth century of the Christian era; that of their magnificence at Cordova under the Princes of the Omeyyad dynasty, their enlightened and liberal views, and their beneficent administration, especially that of Abderrahman III., from A.D. 912 to A.D. 961; further, that of the extraordinary actions of Almanzor, the crafty and powerful Minister of State, who ruled to the end of the tenth century; after him, the decay and division of the Moorish Kingdom, the strife with the Berbers and with hostile races and religious factions; the growing forces of the northern Christian Kingdoms, Leon and Castile, in continual warfare against the Moors; in the eleventh century, the valiant deeds of "The Cid," Rodrigo Diaz of Bivar, a Castilian exile, who joined the Moors and got possession of Valencia; lastly, the vicissitudes, during two or three centuries, of the reduced Moslem Kingdom of Granada, which was finally conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1491. Here is a considerable range of historical topics comprehended in some 270 pages, but not treated slightly or superficially by the writer or compressed, on the other hand, into a dry abstract of events and dates. The work of a continuous annalist of any country for seven or eight hundred years is apt to become tedious, not having space for bringing out in full relief the most dramatic passages of action or the most inviting themes of description. This error is judiciously avoided in each volume of "The Story of the Nations," for which credit is due, as we suppose, to Mr. Arthur Gilman. The author of "The Moors in Spain" has accordingly selected the most interesting periods of their long history, presenting these in sufficient fulness of detail, with plenty of characteristic anecdotes, strongly-drawn portraits of individual personages, and many attractive notices of the Moorish architecture, gardening, decorative arts, minstrelsy, and domestic manners. There is nothing very new or original in his accounts of these matters, but they serve to give a pleasing variety amidst the course of political and military transactions. Mr. Stanley Lane Poole has, moreover, an excellent qualification for writing of the Arabs: he likes them and admires them, and feels no antipathy to their religion, but is indignant at the cruel "persecution of the Moriscos" that ensued under Philip II. Then Spain became stupid; "and in that darkness," he says, "Spain has grovelled ever since."

Alexander's Empire. By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin (T. Fisher Unwin).—This volume of the "Story of the Nations" has been executed by a classical scholar of high repute, the author of well-known treatises on Greek literature and Greek social life. It is rather disappointing to find in it symptoms of an imperfect sympathy with Greek love of political freedom, and an excessive affection for the young Macedonian conqueror of the Eastern world. Even for his father, Philip, the actual destroyer of the liberties of Greece, Professor Mahaffy has so much unmerited regard as to compare him with two very much better Kings of later times, Henri Quatre of France and Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Nobody would have called Philip a man of honour. The life of "Alexander the Great," however—in our judgment one of the most selfish, vain, and reckless of military adventurers, whose astonishing victories were due chiefly to the skill of his Greek officers and to the superior quality of his troops, but also partly to the cowardice of the Persian Monarch—does not here occupy more than about forty pages. An equal space is next devoted to the hateful contention, prolonged nearly half a century, between the several usurpers who divided the vast Macedonian Empire, founding in Syria and in Egypt, above all, new kingdoms of great importance. The incursion of formidable Celtic tribes into Asia Minor, where they finally settled in the province of Galatia, and the career of Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, notable in Roman history, are collateral incidents. Professor Mahaffy rightly bestows his chief attention upon the examination of the new cosmopolitan phase of Greek influence, which he calls "Hellenism," that began with the consolidation of the surviving dynasties bequeathed to Syria, Western Asia, and Egypt, by descendants of Alexander's comrades. Some acquaintance with this portion of history is needful to the study of the New Testament; for the effects of Greek ascendancy continued long after those countries were annexed to the Roman Empire, and were indeed never wholly effaced. The value of Hellenism, as an agent of intellectual, social, and commercial intercourse between the shores of the Mediterranean, and over the best part of the Roman world, cannot be

overestimated. But if there had been no Macedonian Empire, in the first instance, and no Roman Empire, in the second, it seems to us quite conceivable that the spread of free Greek maritime colonies would have secured the same beneficial result, and would have prepared for the diffusion of Christianity equally well. Herein we take issue with the modern literary panegyrist of imperial conquest. It may be doubted, after all, whether the powers established by such victories as the Macedonian and the Roman were absolutely necessary to the completeness of ancient civilisation. They involved, at any rate, the destruction among Hellenised communities of that noble ideal of Republican freedom which had been the source of the highest inspirations of genius and the best examples of public virtue, and which might possibly have been revived. Professor Mahaffy is disgusted with the vices of the degenerate citizens of Greece after the suppression of independence. He does not make fair allowance for the corrupting influences to which they were exposed. Indeed, he does not seem to care much for nationality or civil liberty. We cannot think that the loss of these elements of human welfare is compensated even by the preservation of Greek literature in Ptolemy's grand library at Alexandria, of which he gives an interesting description. For the later flowers of that literature, the pastoral idyll, the elegy, the prose romance, the critical, grammatical, rhetorical, and scientific dissertations of the Alexandrine schools, he has enough to say; while he agrees with Mommsen in regarding its second-hand cultivation by the Roman dilettanti as a questionable advantage to the Latin-speaking nation. Our views of what is good in political progress differ from those of Professor Mahaffy; yet his book is valuable, of course, as a learned man's study of a very important epoch in general history. A fuller account of the Asiatic kingdoms of Alexander's followers would have been useful. Like other volumes of the series, this one is furnished with good maps and plans, and with many small engravings; those of Greek and Macedonian coins are very beautiful.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

Canada and the States: Recollections, 1851 to 1886. By Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., M.P. (Ward, Lock, and Co.).—A man of large and varied experience, and of proved ability, in the direction of many great undertakings, and in public business generally, a diplomatist and prime minister of the railway world in both Continents, a frequent and observant traveller, is likely to possess much original information, and his judgments are worthy of attention. Sir Edward Watkin, besides his extensive occupations in the management of great English railway companies, had in former years much to do with those of Canada. He is perfectly acquainted with the antecedents of that mighty enterprise lately accomplished, the construction of a through line of railroad, through British territory, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which he advocated in the *Illustrated London News* so long ago as Feb. 16, 1861. In the autumn of that year, as Commissioner for the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, of which Mr. Glyn (now Lord Wolverton) and Mr. Thomas Baring were leading directors, he went out to see what could be done in that direction. The late Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, having accompanied the Prince of Wales in his visit to America in 1860, and having already formed in his own mind the grand political conception of the Canadian Dominion, listened favourably to the plans of Sir Edward Watkin. Some credit is due to other Ministers and to Governors also for having subsequently used their influence to remove the difficulties caused by the divided interests of the British North American provinces. This portion of colonial history, previous to the Confederation Act of 1867, is well deserving of study; and Sir Edward Watkin's publication, containing many important letters and memoranda of conversations, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of those transactions. There were two indispensable conditions to assuring the prosperity of the Grand Trunk Railway by making it part of a main route from the Atlantic to the Pacific: first, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, between the port of Halifax and the St. Lawrence at Quebec, connecting the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Lower Canada; secondly, the surrender of the territorial rights of the Hudson's Bay Company over that vast region of the West, beyond Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, which has since been known as the North-West Territory of Canada, including the Red River country, or Manitoba. Sir Edward Watkin is able to tell us much that had not, so far as we are aware, been related in the accounts hitherto published. The engineering works of the Intercolonial Railway had, indeed, been minutely described; but we could scarcely have appreciated, without his testimony, the merits of its earnest promoters, Mr. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, and Sir Leonard Tilley, of New Brunswick, or the hindrances they met with from a certain Canadian party. The Duke of Newcastle, whose portrait-bust is placed as the frontispiece to this volume, died in October, 1864; and it is well that the remembrance of his faithful public labours, and of his foresight and consistency with regard to British North American affairs, should be put on record. The purchase of the enormous land claims and continental monopoly held by the Hudson's Bay Company was the object of protracted negotiations and discussions, from 1857, when it was before a Committee of the House of Commons, to 1870; that Company having enjoyed their singular privileges, granted by Charles II., exactly two hundred years. By the aid of the documents that Sir Edward Watkin has collected, we obtain not only fresh light upon this passage of history, but materials for estimating the character of the Company's administration. In 1863, he officially inspected the Red River Settlement, assisted by Governor A. G. Dallas, and made judicious recommendations of improvement. The letters of Mr. Dallas and other agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the contents of this volume, form not the least interesting part. There is not so much that is new to us in the statements and remarks of the author concerning the policy of Canadian or British American Confederation, or in his views of the political, military, and commercial value of the new Canadian Pacific line of railway. Of the United States, which he has repeatedly visited, Sir Edward Watkin has comparatively little to say, and that in a tone by no means enthusiastic or sympathetic. As professedly a British Imperialist politician, he will perhaps gain the assent of many readers in the present temper of the public mind.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

German Elementary Schools and Training Colleges. By Charles Copland Perry, M.A. (Rivingtons).—It is generally understood that England has much to learn from Germany with regard to the quality and efficiency of school-teaching. Mr. Charles Perry, an Oxford graduate, assistant-master at Eton College, having passed some years of his early life in Germany, was peculiarly well qualified for a special inquiry upon this subject. His Reports to the Committee of Council on Education, dated from Weimar, in March last year, with reference to German elementary schools, and to the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry, in September, upon German training schools and colleges, are recognised as of valuable authority. The former was cited by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his recent

Report on Continental Education. We are glad to receive them, with judicious introductory observations, published in this small volume, which contains exact and detailed information never before put within reach of English readers. Mr. Perry had the personal assistance of Rector Schnabel, head of the Arnsburger School at Frankfurt, of Director Veith, and of Herr Herber, Rector of the Anna Girls' School, in that city, as well as of Dr. Pfeiffer, Principal of the elementary schools at Weimar; he collected information also from Berlin, Dresden, Cologne, Hamburg, Elberfeld, and other towns; and he gives complete statistics of elementary education all over the German Empire, with a good description of the different classes of schools and their methods of working. The system of training for schoolmasters and teachers is of still greater practical importance. It is not too much to say that the machinery of elementary schools, which England has been so busily providing, must be comparatively unprofitable without good training of those who are to be giving instruction. Mr. Perry's second Report, devoted to this branch of the inquiry, will be indispensable to future discussions of the improvement of English popular education. With the influential supporters of Ministers of State at Weimar, he was enabled to obtain special reports from directors of a number of Training Colleges and Schools in different States of Germany, and from the Education Departments of Bavaria and Baden, while he personally inspected those institutions at Weimar, Berlin, and Dresden. The reader who does not relish official communications, and who is not concerned with codes of regulations, programmes, and statistical tables, may take interest in the short historical review of the progress of this system in Prussia and Germany, and in the outline of its general principles. It is worth while, for instance, to observe the grounds of objections to having pupil teachers—a question upon which Mr. Perry seems to think the Germans are right; as they are very likely to be upon many questions.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

Our military correspondent, Captain C. Pulley, of the 3rd Ghorkas, with the force of British and Indian troops commanded by Colonel Stedman, in February, in the country of the Shan tribes up the Sittang river, to the east of the Irrawaddy, furnished us with Sketches, two or three of which appeared in our publication of April 16. The British expedition was not hostile to the Shans whose Tsawbwas or local chiefs have hitherto been tributary to the kingdom of Burmah. Their domestic self-government will not be interfered with, but a British Political Resident will be established among them. Some of the native rulers have taken advantage of the overthrow of King Theebaw to go to war, here and there, with one another; and the Tsawbwa of Nyoungwé, whose capital was threatened with attack by the Tsawbwa of Yenksenk, was glad to accept Colonel Stedman's assistance to deliver him from this peril. The interview between the friendly Shan Prince and the officers of the British expedition, when he received them with accustomed ceremony, is the subject of our present illustration. Colonel Stedman lost no time in promptly dealing with the enemy, by a night march of five miles to the fortified position at Nankon, which was stormed at daybreak, and the Shans driven out of their stockade with very little fighting. Our troops next day marched into Nyoungwé, and soon left that place, where the Tsawbwa is now in safety.

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS GOING TO SIBERIA.

The Nihilist murder-plots at St. Petersburg and in several other towns of Russia have naturally excited the police agents of the Imperial Government, belonging to the notable "Third Section" of the administrative system, to extreme activity in preventive and detective measures. It is computed that eight hundred persons have lately been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the wide-spread conspiracy, of whom five hundred have been released, there being no sufficient evidence against them; for the days are past when they could be sentenced without a regular trial. The punishment of transportation, and in some cases penal servitude, is still inflicted upon convicted criminals of various classes by sending them to Siberia. According to statistics quoted by Prince Kropotkin, in a book noticed last week, the total number of persons there under administrative supervision, for offences of many different kinds, with the wives and children of some of them, is 130,000, including those who are simply exiled, without loss of ordinary personal rights, and those who are partially or wholly deprived of civil rights, with a large proportion who have worked out their terms of compulsory labour; he states that 16,000 or 17,000 people are sent to Siberia every year. About one seventh of the prisoners, as we understand, are under sentence of hard labour. In 1881, according to information obtained by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, only seventy-two political offenders, including nearly forty condemned during the six previous years, but detained in the central prison at Kharkov, were sent to Siberia. Those not convicted of heinous crime, such as murderous attempts or conspiracies of that kind, are usually, after a brief confinement, allowed to live in the towns, with their families, and become colonists, like the Australian "expirees" of half a century ago. The long land journey to Siberia was formerly attended with severe hardships, but is now rendered much easier by the completion of railways and post roads on the route via Ekaterineburg to Tiumen, whence there is steam navigation on the rivers to Tobolsk, Omsk, and Tomsk; while the chief towns of Eastern Siberia, Krasnoïarsk, on the Yenesei, and Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, have likewise, by similar improvements, become more accessible than they were. Instead of prisoners having to walk all the way from St. Petersburg to Tobolsk, sometimes a journey of eight months, the violent men chained to an iron rod, and guarded by soldiers, the infirm persons and children in waggons, they are conveyed by railway from Moscow to Nijni Novgorod, in the month of May, there placed in large covered barges towed by steamers to Perm, and thence carried by rail to Ekaterineburg, where a conveyance is provided to Tiumen, the first prison town in Siberia. A few are sent by the Orenburg southern route. Mr. Lansdell's two volumes, "Through Siberia," contain minute descriptions of the Siberian prisons and penal settlements, of their rules and discipline, of the treatment of the convicts, and the gold-mines of Yeneseisk, where they work very hard, but have "wholesome food, warm quarters, and attention in sickness." The quicksilver mines, said to be so deleterious, are non-existent. At the great Alexandrefsky prison, near Irkutsk, which might bear comparison with some jails in Europe, he found, however, some of those shut up in the wards "literally begging for employment." His object in travelling all over Siberia was to distribute Russian copies of the New Testament and religious tracts among the inmates of every prison and hospital; and he appears to be a witness deserving of credit.

The foundation-stone of a new mission church and Sunday school, to be dedicated to St. Anselm, was laid on Ascension Day in the parish of St. Mary, Princes-road, Lambeth, by Mr. Henry Doulton.



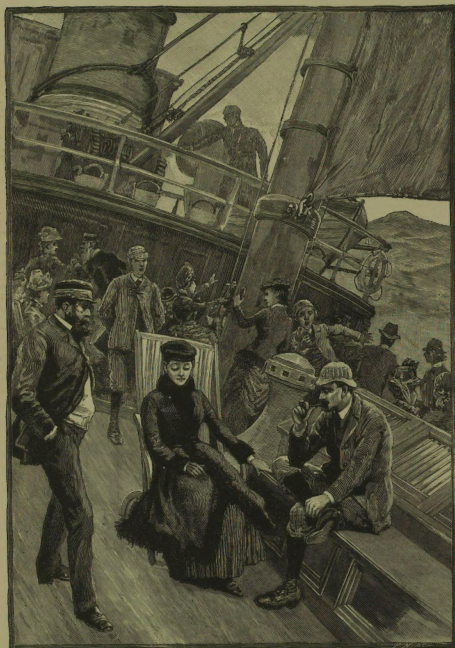
TAILING A TEN-POUNDER.



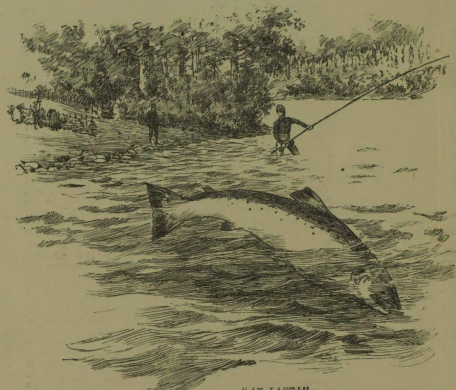
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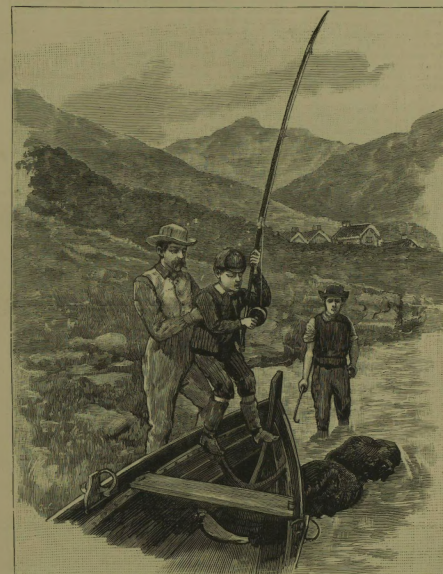
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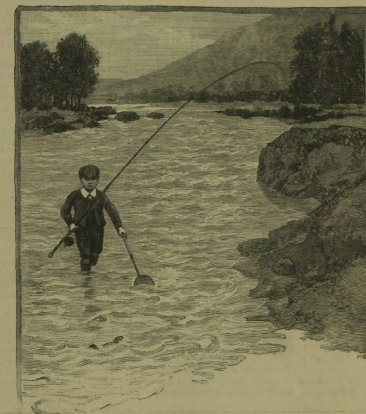
"THE FVÄLIR BEGINS TO ROLL A BIT."



"AT LAST!"



HIS FIRST SALMON.



"QUITE AT HOME WITH FROUT."



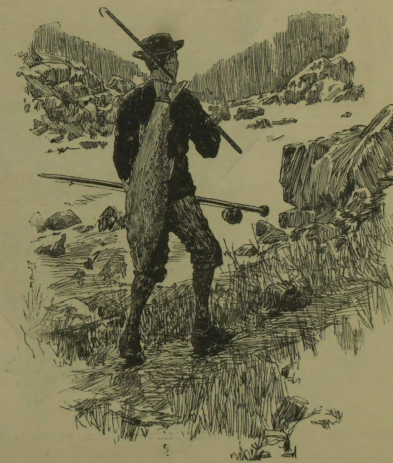
REALISATION.



ANTICIPATION.



TRIUMPH.



THE SPOILS OF WAR.

BY A WESTERN FIRTH.

"Good-bye, my dear!"

How beautiful the old lady looks as she stands in the porch overclustered with its tangle of budding roses and honeysuckle, a kindly smile on her lips, and her eyes shining, and her silver hair, in the last light of afternoon! For the sun is setting now, across the water, behind the hills of Bute, and the glory that fills the heavens and floods the full-ebbed sea casts about her, in its departing moments, a halo of peace serene as the hours of her life's own afternoon. "Good-bye, my dear!"

Sunshine and silence sleep now on the hillside strath above, where the woods hang motionless, and the sward here and there, in the open places, is lit with the golden flame of gorse in blossom; but across that hillside once long ago raged the tide of a relentless war. Here, blood-red in the setting sun, waved the standard of a Scottish King, and yonder, down to the shore and to the wrecks of his ships, was driven back the shattered strength of the invading Dane. The corries were filled then with the bodies of the dead, and the brown waters were stained a dreadful purple in the burn-pools where the trout leap now after the evening fly. That was the Scottish Salamis.

No one is there in sight upon the white road, and no sound to be heard of distant footstep or departing wheels. There is only the lingering lapse of the quiet ripples as the sea sows its pearl-seed along the shore. A perfect calm rests upon the waters while the light slowly leaves them, and the red sun goes down behind the hills: only at one place across the glassy surface where the tide is stirring, run, on the tiny wavelets, a hundred flickering tongues of fire, and, far out, the reflection of the great yellow cloud aflame in the west shimmers like frosted gold upon the sea.

Gently the gloaming falls. The last mellow pipe of the mavis floats from the garden shrubbery behind, and bats begin to flicker about with their uncertain flight under the trees, their wings making a curious eerie creaking in the air. Only a dim green light falls through the leaves interlaced overhead as the road leaves the bay and dips inland through the woods. The day's work is over. It is the sacred hour, and, far from "the stir and tumult of the street," in these still aisles, carpeted soft with fallen bud-sheaths and grass, roofed with the fretted canopy of branch and leaf, and hung with the fringed banners of larch and birch, ascends to heaven with the last notes of the woodland choristers the sweet incense of a thousand flowers. Here, along the grassy roadside path in the dusk, comes a pair of shy rustic lovers—gamekeeper's lad and gardener's lass—happy altogether in each other. Sweet is their courting-place and courting-time, with the deep woods to listen to their whispers and the stars to look down in kindly sympathy. Other lovers there are, alas! whose feet do not tread among the blue forget-me-nots, and for whom no blackbird warbles the vespersong. Mossy dykes run into the wood-depths here, and among the tall feathery grasses under the trees there are places purple with a mist of wild hyacinths. A crimson shadow, too, there is here and there, where the wood geranium throws its profusion, and pink and white sandflowers grow in the dry ditch-sides. By the clear mossy roadside well, and among the withered leaves in the glades, are seen the first green spires of the foxgloves; a golden haze there betrays the beds of yellow crowfoot; and in some sequestered spots pale primroses are still starring the rivulet banks.

Here, a secluded nook, nestles a cottage amid the woods: the gamekeeper's lodge, with its low slate roof, and sweetbriar trained upon the white walls, yellow pansies asleep beneath its window-sills, and crimson fuchsia and wild dog-roses blossoming in the hedge. The little flower-garden about it is trimly kept, with its southernwood and thyme, its clipped box edgings and gravelled path; and in the grassy hollow under the wood behind are the rows of boxes for breeding the young pheasants. What a luscious smell hangs in the air here!—suggestive of frying trout, freshly caught, doubtless, in the brown burn that gurgles close by in

the darkness. The keeper, too, is sitting outside the quiet doorway enjoying his evening pipe; and the fragrance of the southern weed mingles with the sweet scent of the pink hawthorn flowering over the wicket. Tread softly, though, on the grassy edge of the road for a little way. The kennel is at hand, and the slightest sound will set every dog baying his loudest.

The air grows less heavy as the road again approaches the shore, and there comes up with the murmur of the shingle the faint salt smell of the sea. Away in front the bright blaze streaming out in the darkness is from the lighthouse tower at the outmost sea-edge, receiving its signal, like the bale fires of old, from the beacon on the opposite coast, and flashing it on to the next point up channel. Far out, too, on the firth a red light is moving, and the faint beat of paddles comes across the water. It is the last river-steamer making for the watering-place opposite. How still the air is, to carry so distinctly the throbbing of that distant pulse! Not another sound is to be heard, and nothing astir is to be seen, though the moon has risen, a clear sickle, on the edge of the dark hill above. On such a night loveliness and mystery swim together on the air; the blushing of the rose is the fairer for being but half seen in the dim light; the woods above have ceased their amorous whisperings; and the sea amid the silence is kissing the shore's wet lips.

What white shadow is yon, though, moving under the high hedge in the darkness? It might almost be one of those wraiths of which the countryfolk speak with bated breath—the awful Something seen moving in the dusk from the house where a man has died. There is a sound of hoofs here, however; and the spectre proves to be but the gaunt Rozinante of some wandering gipsies—the grey counterpart, doubtless, of a once-gallant steed. Delicate hands may have patted the neck worn bare now by the collar, and sweet sugar-bits may have been offered by dainty fingers to the lips that tremble now as they crop the dusty roadside grasses. See! there in the little dell among the flowering broom twinkles the camp-fire of its owners. Their dark figures lie about it asleep, for the night is warm and they are a hardy race; while close by stands their quaint house on wheels, overhung with baskets of all sorts and uses. A strange, lawless life they live in the midst of nineteenth-century civilisation, those Bedouins of the broom-fields and commons.

But here is our inn, a long-forgotten hostelry, where one can sit at noon in the shade by the doorway with a book, and watch the ships far out go by upon the firth, while the cool sea glistens below, and all day long there is the drowsy hum of bees about the yellow tassels of the laburnums at the gable ends. A pleasant spot it is even now in the darkness. The lilac-trees in the garden are a-bloom, and the air is sweet with their perfume. A pleasant place, where the comely hostess will welcome the tired pedestrian, where his supper will taste the better for the fresh night air from the open window, and where, presently, he will fall asleep between sheets that smell of the clover-field, to dream of the firmly-grasped tiller, the snowy cloud of sails overhead, and the rushing of the water under the yacht's counter of the morrow. G. E.-T.

A new paddle-steamer, the Prince of Wales, constructed by the Fairfield Ship-building Company, Glasgow, for the Isle of Man, Liverpool, and Manchester Steam-ship Company, ran her trial-trip last week from the Clyde to Ailsa Craig. She proved herself, it is stated, to be the fastest steamer afloat. At one time she was steaming 24½ knots per hour, or 28 land miles. Her official return for a long distance was 22·6 knots or 26 land miles, per hour.

In a letter declining to attend a meeting on the Irish question at Highbury, Professor Leone Levi writes:—"I have just returned from Italy, where I have seen a brilliant illustration of the benefit of union between all the Italian States; and I have seen what benefits have accrued to Switzerland by the union of all the cantons, and to Germany by the union of all its component kingdoms. I am, therefore, strongly adverse to any separation between Great Britain and Ireland."

LEAVES FROM A NORWEGIAN NOTEBOOK.

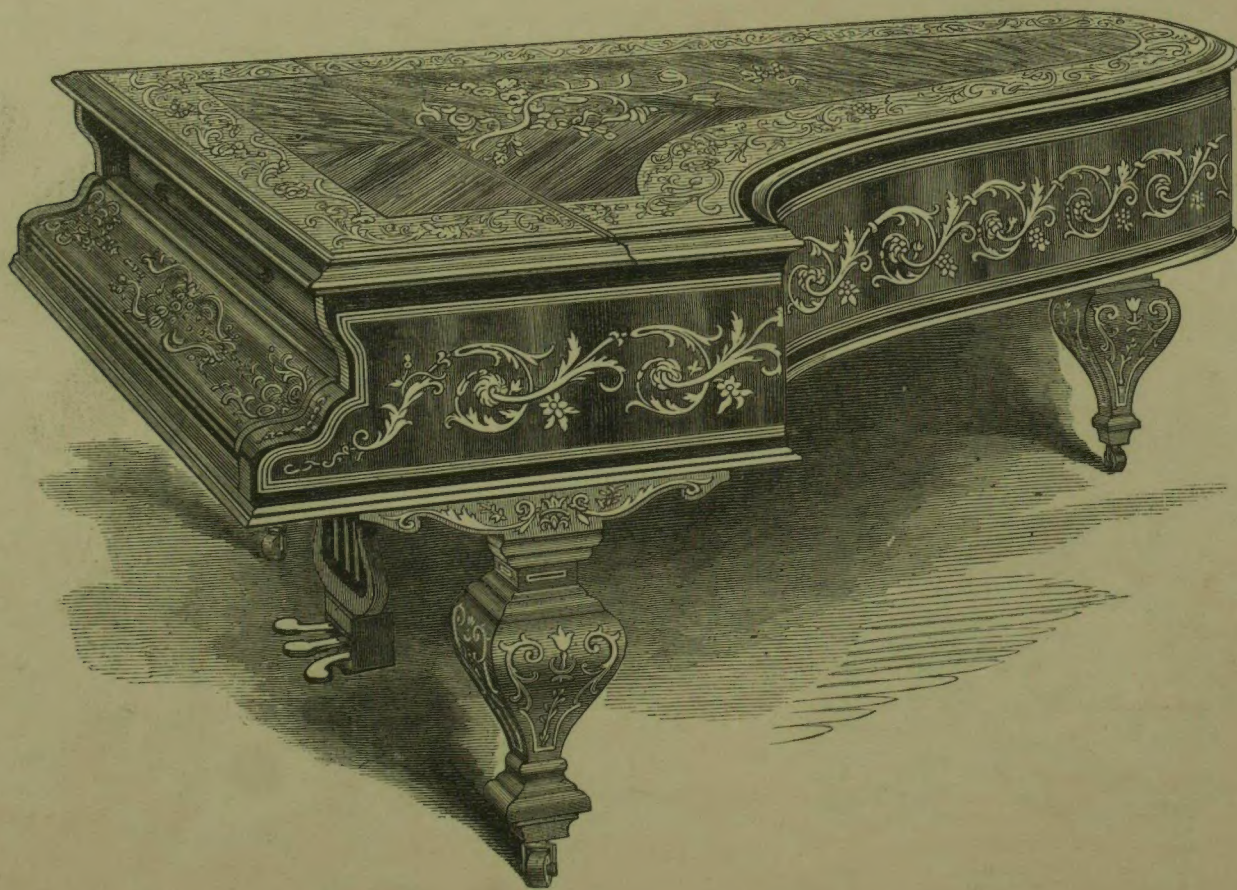
Norway, the land of the deep fjords and the high fjelds, of broad "dals," of mountain peaks, of crystal torrents rushing down through wild ravines, often tumbling in cataracts to the nether valleys, a land of rocky steeps and hills, clothed with pine-forests, opening in strips of verdant meadow, is a delightful country to the summer tourist. The Englishman who loves the sports of the field and the river, and who can escape from London life early in the season, may feel, if he goes to Norway—especially if he be a fisherman—that he has something to live for, from year to year. The months of June and July are considered the most favourable in Norway for salmon; but if one has secured the fishing of a river which abounds in sea-trout, and if its water does not become too low, August offers to the successful angler at that season fish of a size and weight unknown in Great Britain. We are indebted to Mr. Edward Kennard for the illustrated "Leaves from a Norwegian Notebook." They represent some of the vicissitudes and pleasures of that sport, in which ladies may share with gentlemen; and when the fair sex perceive what "Triumph" a lady may attain, in accompanying a husband or brother, it may arouse womanly ambition. When long "Anticipation" is crowned at length in happy "Realisation," such a prospect may compensate for a "Roll on board the Fjälir," or the gloomy endurance of a night "On the North Sea."

With respect, however, to the voyage from our own country to Norway, it may here be mentioned that the North of Scotland Steam Navigation Company has resolved to continue its pleasure trips this year, having built a new steamer, the St. Sunniva, specially adapted for the service. The St. Sunniva is a handsome screw steamer, 227 ft. long and of 1000 tons gross register. The saloon occupies the whole of the stern of the main deck from side to side, and is capable of dining 118 passengers at one time, without crowding or inconvenience. The sleeping-cabins, which are arranged along the sides of the main deck and amidships and forward, and on the lower deck both fore and aft, provide accommodation for 182 passengers. The vessel is lighted throughout by electricity, and furnished with electric bells. It is commanded by Captain James Angus; and the pilot in Norwegian waters is Mr. Hans Jacobsen, who acted in the same capacity on board of the St. Rognvald last year, and who previously steered both the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone over the fjords. Arrangements have been made for ten trips between May 26 and Sept. 28. Four of the trips will go as far north as Trondhjem. A new feature of the arrangements is the issuing of single tickets, and also of return tickets, between Leith or Aberdeen and Bergen, so as to enable tourists to spend a longer time in Norway than the ordinary tour.

Returning to the lively Norwegian fishing adventures of English parties, delineated in Mr. Edward Kennard's Sketches, we observe a Paterfamilias instructing a very youthful tyro in the gentle art, and remark that, although this young gentleman has long been "quite at home with trout," his excitement at his "first salmon" is natural, and has the sympathy of his elder companions. Let us hope if any of our readers should be attracted to a Norwegian river by the scenes here presented, his daily toil may always be rewarded "at last" by "the spoils of war." The mishap of "tailing a ten-pounder," or "a novice's defeat," need not be contemplated by those who never forget their gaff, or lose their footing at the first rush, when a firm hold with feet, as well as with hands, is required.

At Shrewsbury last week Colonel Corbett, of Longnor, was presented by the officers and men of the 5th Battalion of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry with a portrait of himself, for his connection with the regiment from 1852 to 1884.

A dinner was given in the Westminster Townhall last week, in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, to three hundred of the lads attending the Homes for Working Boys, which were instituted seventeen years ago, and of which there are eight at present in London.



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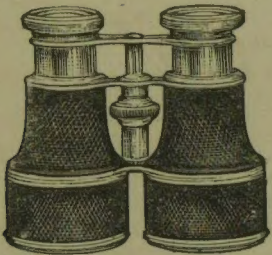
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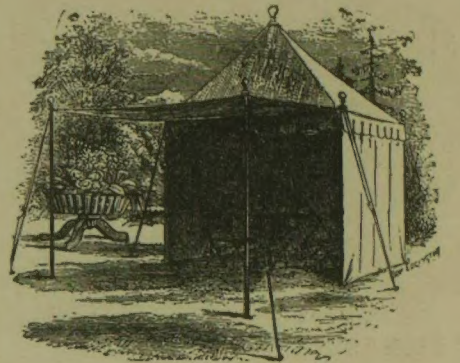
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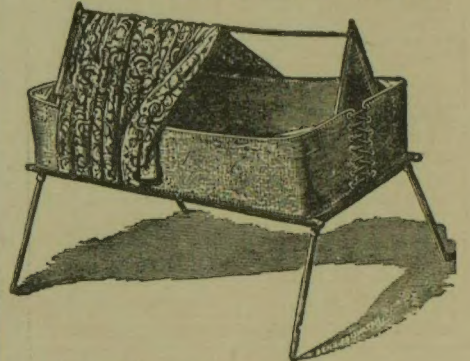
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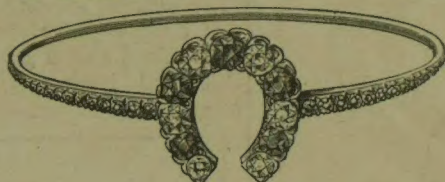
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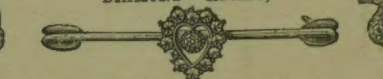


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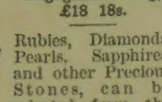
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